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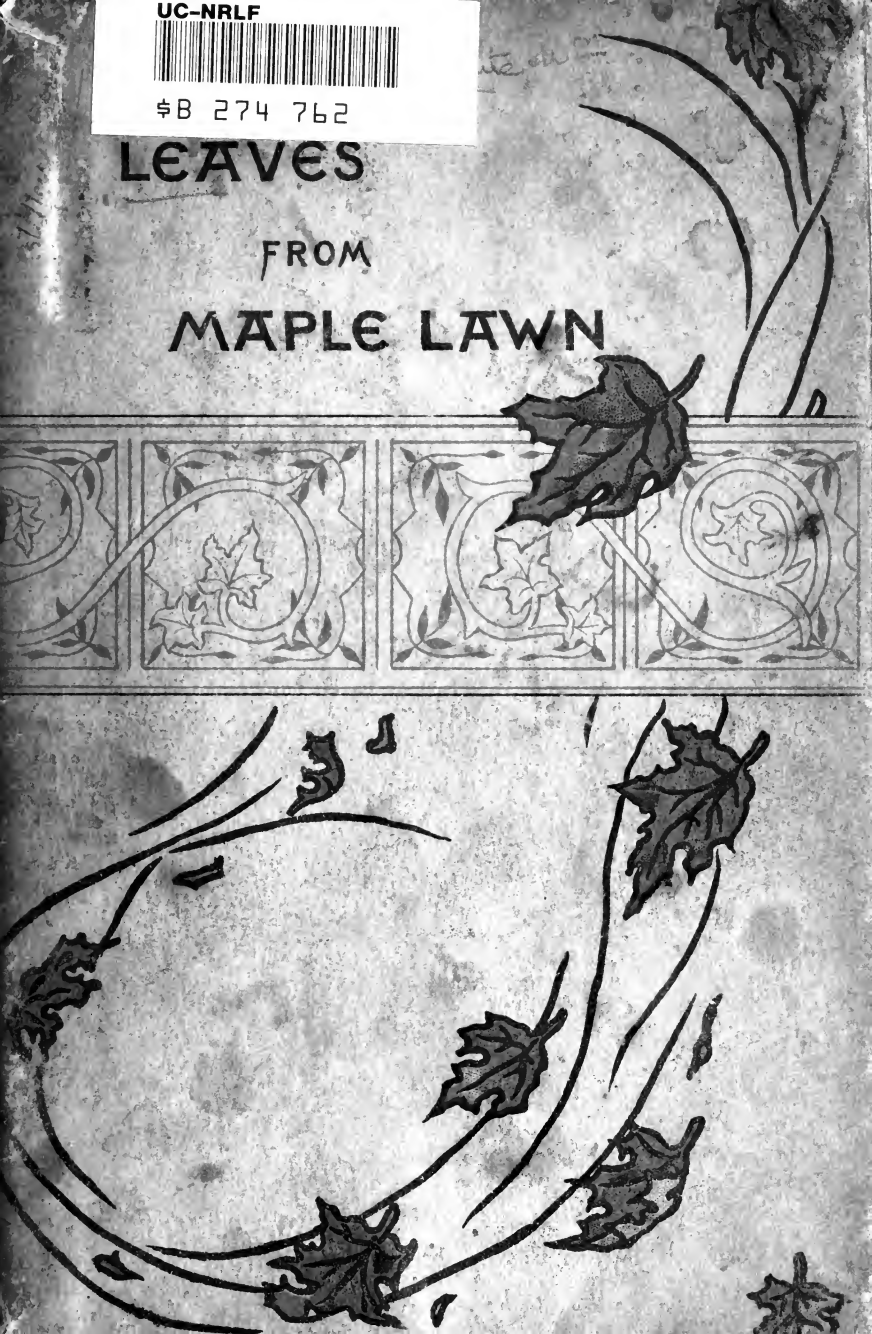


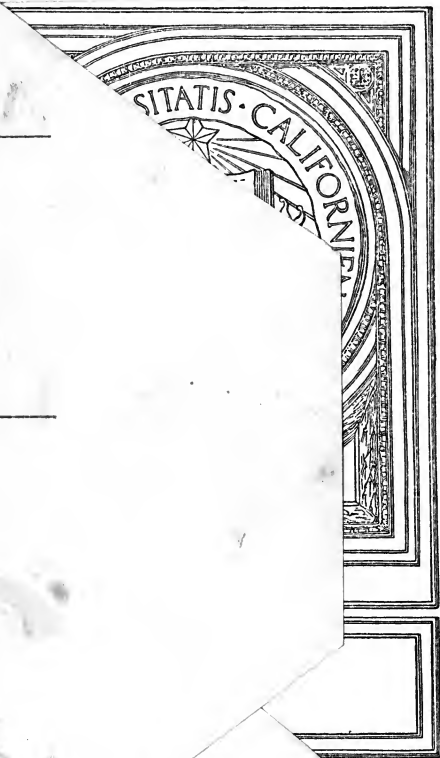
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LEAVES

FROM

MAPLE LAWN











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LEAVES

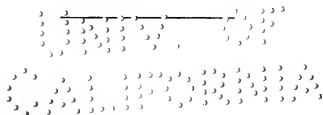
FROM

MAPLE LAWN

BY

WILLIAM WHITE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD



NEW YORK  
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN  
1885

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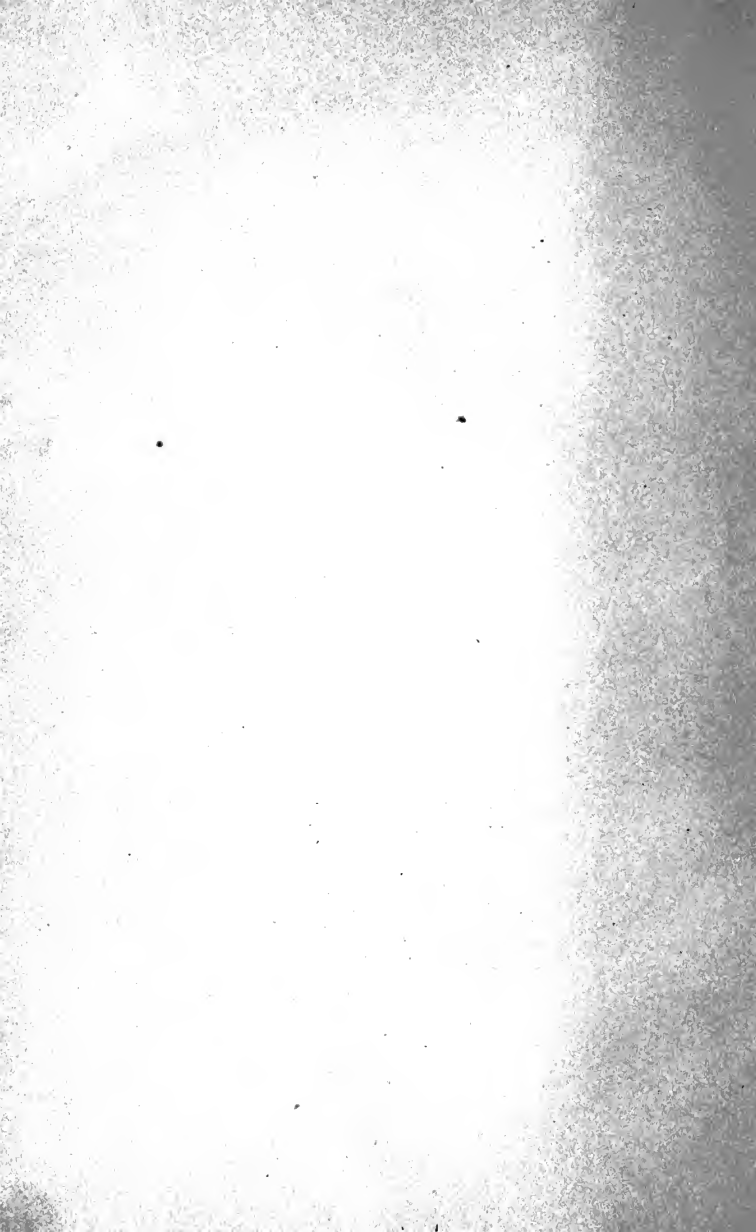
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1885



To  
MY FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED  
WIFE  
WHO HAS BEEN MY KINDLY MENTOR  
AND IMPARTIAL CRITIC,  
THE BOURGEONING OF THESE  
LEAVES  
OF CHRISTIAN FAITH AND SONG  
IS AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED.

M198620



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## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE kind of poetry to which this unpretending volume belongs is so ancient that its beginnings date back before the beginnings of all written literature. The first poems of which we have any record were addressed by the early races of mankind to the elemental appearances of Nature—the great facts of night and day, the land and sea—which they personified as gods, and to which they offered their supplications. They were cast in the form of verse, which is a more primitive form than that of prose, and they were chanted by priests and people to the music of instruments in places that had been set apart from immemorial time for the worship of their divinities. Rude in structure as was the language in which they were clothed, they are characterized by a dark and terrible earnestness—the perpetual recognition of Power, that was dreaded because its source was unknown, and because it was felt to be irresistible. What these spiritual wrestlings of man were—how intense and how prolonged—and to what degrading superstitions he succumbed, all history teaches us. There seems never to have been a period when he did not worship something, and

however irreligiously he may have lived, he was never without a religion. He is a religious being.

The first English poet of any note was a sacred one—Cædmon. His story, as it has reached us, is partly overlaid with myth, but what seems to be authentic in it is, that he lived in the seventh century, on abbey lands at Whitby, and was so ignorant of poetry, which was not an uncommon accomplishment then, that when it came his turn to recite and sing to the music of the harp at supper, he would leave the table and retire to the stable. While he was hiding his shame on one of these nocturnal occasions, he fell asleep, and in his sleep there appeared to him a stranger, who commanded him to sing. He said that he could not sing. “Nay,” answered the stranger, “but thou hast something to sing.” “What shall I sing?” “Sing the Creation.” And Cædmon began to sing poetry which he had never heard before, and when he awoke he not only remembered the lines he had composed in his slumber, but found that he could continue them in the same strain. He told the steward what had occurred, and was conducted before the Abbess Hilda, who ordered that portions of the Scripture should be related to him that he might turn them into verse. He accomplished his task speedily, and was taken into the monastery, where, continuing his Scriptural studies and versifying, he became the first of England’s sacred poets. He was succeeded, a century, or possibly three centuries, later, by Cynewulf, who abandoned the Scriptures for the legends of the Church, singing, in a poem entitled “Elene,” of St. Helena,



the mother of Constantine, and the finding the True Cross ; and, in another poem, entitled “Juliana,” of a martyr of the days of the Emperor Maximilian, as well as a series of religious poems under the general title of Christ. The contemporaries and followers of Cynewulf devoted themselves to the celebration of the lives of saints and martyrs, visions of the Holy Rood, allegories on the life of the Christian, addresses of the Soul to the Body, and what not, the prevailing cast of their verse being distinctly religious, and to the modern apprehension inordinately dull. We strike a new form of sacred song a century or two later in the Mysteries and Miracle plays with which the learned men of the time, who were mostly in holy orders, sought to interest the people by means of dramatic representation in scriptural characters and incidents. A remarkable poet appeared in the fourteenth century in the person of William Langland, author of the long allegorical poem, “The Vision of Piers Ploughman,” the general subject of which may be said to be the same with that of Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress,” in that it is an exposition of the impediments and temptations which beset man in this mortal life. It is mainly directed against the corruptions of the Church, and has been described as almost a Puritanical and Protestant work, although produced nearly two centuries before either Protestantism and Puritanism was ever heard of.

Sacred poetry was a powerful current in the stream of English verse in the days of Elizabeth and James, as the students of English literature cannot fail to remember. Mr. Edward Farr published, forty years

ago, a collection of devotional poetry of the reign of Elizabeth, and two years later a similar collection of devotional poetry of the reign of James the First. The two collections, which make three volumes, contain extracts from two hundred and thirty-seven different writers. The *corpus poetarum* of the periods covered is largely represented, but some of the greatest names are absent, chiefly because their verse is rather the expression of the feelings of others than their own ; in other words, because it is dramatic, and not personal. We find in the list of poets quoted by Mr. Farr the names of Spenser, Sidney, Drayton, Drummond, Daniel, Donne, Chapman, Raleigh, Quarles, Herbert, Wither, but not the great name of Shakespeare, though his writings abound with the mightiest moral reflections. The deep gravity, the profound seriousness which was so large an element in the English mind at this time, runs through the whole of its poetic writing, which, if not distinctly devotional, was marked by a strain of serious thought and earnest didacticism that makes it impressive reading. They were not a light-minded people who perished for their faith in the reign of the bigot Mary, and who, militant on land and sea, fought for their Protestant brethren in the Low Countries, and scattered and destroyed the fleets of the Grand Armada. A favorite theme upon which the English poets exercised their talent for sacred verse was the Psalms, the earliest version of which—the version known as the Northumberland Psalter—dates back to the thirteenth century. It was followed by another in the next century, the work of

Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, who was one of the busiest religious writers of the day. Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins published a version of a portion of the Psalms in the middle of the sixteenth century ; Martin Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, published another about ten years later ; George Sandys published his version, or paraphrase, in the first half of the next century, and toward its close Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate published theirs, which is still in use. Sir Thomas Wyatt made a paraphrase of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and versions of the fourteenth and twenty-ninth Psalms by Queen Elizabeth and King James have been preserved. Taking the two collections of Mr. Farr as a guide, we find that forty of the poets whom he quoted are represented by eighty-four different metrical versions of the Psalms. It is safe to say that almost every collection of miscellaneous verse published in the last half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries was freighted with sacred song, either in the shape of translations from or of paraphrases of the lyrical, prophetic, or narrative portions of the Old and New Testaments, or in the shape of hymns, prayers, meditations, or devotional exercises. The book that was most read in the last of these periods by serious readers was Joshua Sylvester's version of *The Divine Week of Du Bartus*—a ponderously dull quarto which can hardly be read now without divine assistance. A tolerably fair idea of the bulk of this verse may be gathered from a selection from Henry Lok, of whom we only know that he was connected with

the court of Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated some of his pieces, which comprise two hundred sonnets, treating of meditation, humiliation, prayer, comfort, joy, and thanksgiving. He published, in 1597, a voluminous work on Ecclesiastes and the Psalms, consisting of three hundred and twenty sonnets, two hundred of which were devoted to "sundrie Christians Passions." Here is a specimen of Lok's talents :—

VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which in heaven art,  
 Lorde ! hallowed be thy name ;  
 Thy kingdome come, thy will be done,  
 In Heaven and Earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread ;  
 Our trespasses forgive,  
 As we for other men's offence  
 Do freely pardon give.

Into temptation lead us not,  
 But 'liver us from ill ;  
 For thine all kingdome, glory, powre,  
 Is now, and ever will.

This rendering of the Lord's Prayer is close, but prosaic. Better every way is the Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms. A specimen of the talents of the latter will be found in his rendering of the first two verses of the eighty-fourth Psalm :—

How pleasant is thy dwelling place,  
 O Lord of hostes, to me !  
 The Tabernacles of thy grace,  
 How pleasant, Lord, they be !

My soule doth long full sore to goe  
 Into thy courtes abroad ;

My heart doth lust, my flesh also,  
In thee the living Lord.

The sparrowes find a roome to rest,  
And save themselves from wrong ;  
And eke the swallow hath a nest  
Wherein to keep her young.

These birdes full nigh thine altar may  
Have place to sit and sing ;  
O Lord of hostes, thou art, I say,  
My God and eke my King.

The seventeenth century was rich in religious singers, concerning the most notable of whom and their chief works a page from my Introduction to the first volume of English Verse may not be amiss here. "Giles Fletcher, a scholar of Trinity College, and a cousin of Fletcher the dramatist, led the sacred choir of seventeenth century poets with Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death (1610), a long allegorical poem in the manner of Spenser. Quarles, an Essex man, educated at Christ's College, and at Lincoln's Inn, poured forth volumes of Biblical metre, of an earthly nature, in *A Feast for Worms*, in a *Poem on the History of Jonah* (1620); *Hadassa or the History of Queen Esther* (1621); *Job Militant*, with *Meditations Divine and Moral*, wept by *Jeremie the Prophet* (1624); and *Sion's Sonnets*, sung by *Solomon the King*, and *Paraphrased* (1625). The pensive Drummond struck a divine note in the year that Shakespeare died, in his *Poems* (1616), and in the year that Shakespeare's fellows published the *First Folio* (1623) he gathered a nosegay of *Flowres of Sion*. Herbert of Bemer-

ton, the darling of the heavenly Muses, came next in the Temple (1631); then Wither, whilom satirist, hunter with shepherds, and worshipper of ideal virtue, with his translation of the Psalms (1632); then Sandys, son of the Archbishop of York, and translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with his *Paraphrase of the Psalms* (1636); and then Crashaw, a Fellow of Peterhouse, who was expelled from Cambridge for refusing to subscribe the Covenant and because a Catholic, and who followed Herbert, *longo intervallo*, in his *Steps to the Temple* (1648). Other poets to whom Siloa's brook was a source of inspiration at this period were Drayton, who wrote the *Harmony of the Church*, containing the spiritual songs and holy hymns of godly men, patriarchs, and prophets, all sweetly sounding to the glory of the Highest; Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of Beaumont, the dramatist, who wrote the *Crown of Thorns*; Donne, who wrote sacred sonnets, probably after James had made him Dean of St. Paul's; Cowley, who wrote the *Davidies*; Habington, who spiritualized the third edition of his *Castara* with twenty-two sacred poems; and King, Bishop of Chichester, and Vaughan, the *Silurist*, who were both touched to the fine issues by the devotional spirit of the time." But the great poet of this century, and, indeed of all the centuries of English sacred song, was John Milton, who gave to his countrymen the only epic which they possess. He represents the religious element in the English mind with a gravity and a greatness that no other English poet has attained.

Hymnology, as it is understood and practised now

in England and America, probably began with Isaac Watts, who published four different collections of religious verse between 1706 and 1720, and was continued by John and Charles Wesley, who published eighteen years later their collection of Psalms and Hymns. They were succeeded in the latter part of the century by William Cowper, who relieved his mental darkness by writing occasional hymns that cannot be called cheerful, and in this century by James Montgomery who took a brighter view of sacred things. There is a literary quality in Montgomery and Cowper which I do not find in Watts and the Wesleys, nor, indeed, in the great body of English and American hymnologists, who are read for their piety and not their poetry. I respect—all men of sense respect—sincere religious feelings, but I am not bound to respect its expression in indifferent or execrable English. There is no reason why literature and devotion should not be united in the same composition, but every reason why they should be (as in the case of Milton) one and inseparable.

My business in this brief introduction has been to indicate the kind of poetry to which this volume belongs, and not to criticise the kind, or the volume. To have done the former would have carried me beyond the limits I allowed myself, while to have done the latter would have been to forestall—or attempt to forestall—the judgment of the reader. I will only say, then, that it is written with earnestness and feeling, and that portions of it are worthy of preservation in future hymnologies. R. H. STODDARD.





LEAVES

FROM

MAPLE LAWN.

---

GIFTS.

THE myriad bayonet blades of vernal grass  
Stand washed in bath of purest meadow dew,  
And through the long, dark night a canopy  
Of silken filaments on gleaming points  
Arachnidæ have drawn, and lo, we view  
The pearly gems which lie upon the web  
So gossamer, and shine in morning light,  
As though in silver mounting each were set,  
To diadem the brow of maiden fair ;  
And yet, the busy workers little recked  
That gems would lie upon the silver threads  
And sparkle in the morning sun so bright ;  
For pearls they wove not, but for food, which toil  
Of livelong hours should gather in the net  
So deftly spread. So toil we through our days,  
And often find the richest gifts of heaven  
Do nobly grace our common needs of life.

## IN ONE SPRING NIGHT.

WHILE I was sleeping yesternight,  
The choral messengers of Spring  
Came sweeping, in their northern flight ;  
At early dawn I heard them sing,  
The rusty grackle, glossy black,  
First called the birds' symposiac.

To him respondent blue-birds sweet,  
In low, voluptuous, warbling notes,  
The purple grosbeaks, as was meet,  
With crimson crests and russet coats,  
Poured forth rich song upon the air,  
And bade me for the Spring prepare.

The robins then with blithesome song,  
Upon the topmost twigs of trees,  
The gladsome chorus did prolong,  
Careless of Winter's stern decrees ;  
And then the eager quest began,  
Their rustic homes to choose and plan.

But hark ! the heartiest staves of all,  
Song-sparrows pour from lusty throats,  
So brief, and yet so musical,  
That Winter flees from such sweet notes ;  
And so the cheery birds defy  
The March gray skies, and Spring descry.

**LILY OF THE VALLEY.**

How quiet is the trysting-place,  
Where thou dost show thy beauteous face,  
So cool, sequestered, out of sight,  
To eyes of love a great delight.

The shady ground where thou dost grow  
Is the most fit thy grace to show,  
For thy twin leaves with tender sheen  
Rise from a sward of duller green.

Thy nodding crown of purest bells,  
Whose perfume sweet thy hiding tells,  
Is pluckt for breast of beauty fair,  
And finds a happy lodgement there.

Thy cups, so exquisitely wrought,  
By elfin sprites at dawn are sought,  
When each holds at the morning light  
A tiny dew-drop shining bright.

Thy jewelled bells shine out as fair  
As diamonds in Titania's hair !  
Thy stem is like the lance, upon  
Which leans some knight of Oberon.

## ROSES.

WIDE ye ope in summer morn,  
By the sun to beauty born,  
Kissing the first beams that shine,  
Lifting up your lips divine.

Matchless tints of beauty rare,  
Perfect forms beyond compare,  
Born of heaven, blooming here,  
Whispering love into my ear.

So I pluck ye, roses sweet,  
That your message her may greet,  
Whom I hoped to call my own,  
While her cheeks like roses shone.

Roses red, and damask too,  
White and yellow, bathed in dew,  
Blush and crimson, petalled fair ;  
Let me all your fragrance share.

May your perfume e'er increase,  
Lips of sweetness speaking peace ;  
Love from heaven to me impart,  
Lying on a trusting heart.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

SERE and yellow, and russet and gold,  
Brown and crimson, and purple and pied,  
So fall the leaves, and cover the wold,  
While scarlet vines to the trees are tied.

Strawberries wild, 'mid the deep rich mould,  
Hid by the leaves, a gorgeous cover,—  
Are sheltered well, 'neath the trees so bold,  
'Gainst the tryst of the summer lover.

The tiny snowdrop has found a nest,  
And safe will defy the bitter cold,  
With leaves wrapped 'round it, a Winter vest,  
Till Spring breaks up the Frost-king's hold.

Wintergreen berries have gone to sleep ;  
At their feet the violets nestle,  
Assured that the rest they both do keep,  
The leaves won't disturb now by their rustle.

The lilies yellow, with spots so brown,  
The squirrel's nuts, put away with care,  
All covered are with a Winter gown,  
Which the trees have shed from limbs now bare.

Death of the old lends life to the new ;

Bright leaves lie light on the myrtle bed ;

Sheen, though buried, its green will renew,

Leaves of last Spring to the next are wed.

The faded glory will come again,

For the wintry night will soon die out ;

When birth of Spring, with no pang of pain,

Brings forth new leaves, in a gladsome rout.

## THE EVERGREENS.

WHEN, in the months of golden harvest-time,  
The shade and forest trees put off green hues,  
The poets sing the praise in dainty rhyme  
Of autumn flowers, whose brilliant shade endues  
The fading fields with scarlet dyes, allied  
To those of falling leaves, crimson and pied.

When light October zephyrs chant their songs  
Through the bare branches of the forest trees,  
Then every twig and circling vine prolongs  
The music, which, like droning of the bees,  
Follows the dying leaves, as, circling slow,  
They rustle faintly to the earth below.

When dews of eve lie light upon the earth,  
And fill the evergreens with myriad tears,  
Which mirror each the morning sun's new birth,  
The beauty of the present now appears,  
While little birds their autumn tales relate,  
Nor think the prospect very desperate.

When through the night, on every tree and bush,  
The hoar-frost yields a wealth of sparkling gems,  
And Phœbus in the early morn doth flush  
The Autumn sky, and melts its diadems—  
With pyramidic form, the evergreens  
Stand in the landscape like so many queens.

When blow November winds across the plains  
The fallen leaves before the tempest fly ;  
The night-frost etches all the window-panes,  
And hints that snow is coming by-and-by ;  
The evergreens alone are left to show,  
Amid the desolation, Nature's glow.

When clouds o'ershadow all the wintry sky,  
And fallen, feathery snow-flakes cover all,  
Hiding the barren landscape far and nigh,  
Enwrapping it within a fleecy pall,  
Then stand the evergreens with fair white plumes,  
Which hide their summits with the wintry blooms.

And as the snow falls thick, the branches droop  
In modesty beneath dame Nature's gift,  
Outvieing each the other in the group,  
Hiding their needles 'neath the snowy drift,  
And to the traveller showing that no stain  
Hath fallen on their brows through all the plain.

And so through all the Winter's changing scenes,  
With all the devastation by it made,  
Constant and true, through all that intervenes,  
Their green's a glory that shall never fade,  
It holds the promise of a life to me  
Which is forthcoming, and shall ever be.

And thus the sougning of the Wintry storms  
I count as Nature's sighs for coming Spring ;  
The sunbeam on the fallen snow but warms  
The waking earth, which surely waits to wring



Itself from out the Frost-king's icy hold,  
And quickly seize the gage of green foretold.

And when the violets and daffodils

Shall peep in beauty from their shy retreat,  
And Spring-time comes and cures all wintry ills,

The evergreens shall lift their heads to meet  
Fair Nature with its thousand bursts of song,  
The happy chorus of the woodland throng.

And e'er the Summer flowers shall bud and bloom,

And all the frost and ice be chased away ;  
Aye, ere the Winter fully lose its gloom

The evergreens shall put on glad array,  
And in their brighter emerald dress outvie  
The tints put on by earth, or wave, or sky.

**THE BIRCHES.**

IN the Winter bleak and bare  
Stand the birches bright and fair ;  
They the forest's gloom illumine,  
None their pied array assume.

Decked in vesture brown and white,  
Gleaming through the dusk of night,  
Chasing sombre hues away,  
Kindling darkness into day.

White their twigs against the sky  
Shine in serried panoply,  
And the forest aisles their beams,  
Wavering, light with shimmering streams.

'Tis the silken sheen they show  
Of white samite, and the glow  
Of red-litten threads of gold,  
Down the trunks of brown unrolled.

Purple glows the mountain-side  
Where it stretches far and wide,  
And against its glory limned,  
Stand the birches silver trimmed.

Over all the zones of earth,  
Have the birches had their birth,  
Heat and cold they both endure  
In their robes of samite pure.

---

## HOAR-FROST.

WHAT weaver's shuttle wove the livelong night  
The faëry robe so glistening, so bright,  
So fragile spun its work of filigree,  
Which ornaments the twigs of every tree?

The evening air was moist and very still,  
And so the hoar-frost worked its own sweet will,  
And scattered far and near a wealth of gems  
Which crested hedge and tree with diadems.

Such wonder-work as graces leaf and tip,  
A human worker's fortune would equip;  
Which Nature's busy fingers all night plied  
To deck in dazzling white the country-side.

Exquisite are its beauties, tender, frail,  
So frail, before an elfin's wings they quail;  
Finer in texture than the lichens gray,  
By the same hoar-frost set in sweet array.

## SNOW.

THE dull, gray clouds which overhung the earth,  
When the sun set and the young moon had birth,  
Left all the plains and woods and rivulets  
To sense of sight outlined in silhouettes.

Anon the myriad flakes of crystal snow,  
In a white medley, dancing, drifting slow,  
Descend in an illimitable host,  
Unchartered as the white sands on the coast.

And with the morning light my glad eyes see  
A fair white robe spread far upon the lea ;  
It covers all the naked earth, and lies  
Upon its breast like flowers from Paradise.



So multiform the shapes the snow assumes,  
When Sol with radiant beams the waste illumines,  
That in its architecture all may trace  
The work of Him who ruleth time and space.

ICICLES.

ABROAD was shed the thickly falling mist,  
Which, yielding to the idle winds that list  
Not where they wander, floated out of sight,  
And left behind fresh visions of delight.

For where its dreary volume was unrolled  
New beauties every limb and twig enfold,  
Gleaming more fair than colonnades of spar  
On shimmering cascades 'neath the midnight star.

The pine tree's needles jewel-studded are,  
The spruce bough's pendants glitter from afar,  
And all the apple orchard is bedight  
In magic armories of crystal light.

And many thousand, thousand beads are hung  
Upon the vines which climb the hills among,  
As make the wintry scene to coruscate  
More bright than Bagdad's minarets of state.

## A WINTER SUNSET.

THE spent leaves, dying 'neath a cloudy sky,  
Are sere and sapless, copper-hued, and dry ;  
But as the sun behind the hill descends  
His glory tints of crimson to them lends.

And as the bars of gold and rose adorn  
The western sky, and purpling clouds forewarn  
The wane of day, on all the forest falls  
A splendor such as shines from heaven's walls.

And now 'mid all the tree-tops interlaced,  
Cathedral windows seem to be embraced  
In magic traceries, through which the love  
Of God in glory streams from heaven above.

This scene, so fair, so bright, so full of heaven,  
That sin seems from the earth forever driven,  
Makes e'en the unseen world appear more near,  
And fellowship of love finds refuge here.

## TO A SEA-SHELL.

FROM the puissance of the sea,  
With thine iridescent crest,  
From thy home why did'st thou flee,  
Here upon the beach to rest?

From thy dentate, narrow lips,  
Nacre brilliant, silky, white,  
Bears the surf-foam, as it drips  
Down thy cheeks in refluent flight.

Azure, pink, and violet,  
Banded brown, and spotted red,  
And in rose and purple set,  
Oh, what beauteous hues they shed!

In the blue sky over thee  
Cloudy whorls of white and rose  
Drift on an eternal sea,  
And rifted, spines like thine disclose.

Vasty shells, uphung in air,  
Beauteous tints like thine reveal,  
Touched with pigments rich and rare,  
Where the sunbeams round them reel.

Soon the cloud-drifts disappear,  
And I turn my gaze below—  
Heaven's height and sea-depth clear  
Both bespeak the God I know.



HERE AND THERE.

SET in frame of softest blue,  
 Pearl of price beyond compute,  
 With a lustre ever new,  
 Her supernal attribute ;  
 Round her cluster all the stars,  
 Glory-gilding clouded bars.

See the mellow-tinted moon  
 Drift across the border-land,  
 This rose-scented eve in June,  
 'Twixt the hill-top where I stand,  
 And the woody belt I con,  
 Which her disc now fringes on.

All the intervening space,  
 Gleams with wash of golden beams,  
 Till away doth fancy chase  
 All that's earthly in life's dreams,  
 Till the love which seems so far,  
 Beckons like a guiding star.

Till my soul doth upward go,  
 Toward the distant seeming goal,  
 Distancing time's overflow,  
 Far beyond the farthest pole,  
 And communeth here and there,  
 Free as lark in fields of air.

## ON THE BEACH.

HERE along the shingly beach,  
With the waves just out of reach,  
Hermit crabs go crawling by,  
Where upon the sands we lie.

Looking out into the West,  
See the sun, in glory drest,  
With rare splendor round his head,  
Sink into his purple bed.

See the burnished bars of gold,  
And the wealth of gems untold,  
Lavished round the couch of state,  
Fashioned for day's potentate.

Crimson gleams the billow's crest  
'Neath the light that floods the West,  
As if Phœbus loved the roar,  
Echoing along the shore.

Purple glow the heavens now,  
Arching o'er the day-god's brow,  
Shading into boundless blue,  
Where the stars come peeping through.

Reaching Neptune's verge anon,  
Fleecy clouds he rests upon,  
Upward dart his parting rays,  
Far into the heavenly ways.

Now the beetling cliffs grow black,  
Darker grows the floating wrack,  
And athwart the darkling sky,  
One stray sunbeam passes by.

Sweetly breaks the mellow light  
Of chaste Phœbe on the night,  
And upon the height of heaven  
See the starry sights engraven.

Phœbe shows a full, round face,  
Flecked with clouds like filmy lace ;  
O'er the sea she casts a gleam,  
Transient as a summer dream.

Seems it now a shaft of gold,  
Graved by cunning jinns of old,  
Mystic symbols on it traced,  
In the Sea's mysterious waste.

Resting on the moonlit beach,  
Here we need nor sign nor speech,  
Universal truths to learn,  
Or God's power to discern.

Sea-shells murmur at our feet,  
Rhythmic measures, low and sweet,  
While faint voices from above  
Sweetly whisper, "God is love."

**MOUNT AGASSIZ.**

AROUND me stand the everlasting hills,  
Whose peaks on peaks in outline rise and fall ;  
And as I gaze my soul with rapture fills,  
And bows before my God, who made them all.

## II.

At sunrise, capped with clouds and mists, they seem  
To pierce the sky, and entering in uplift,  
They offer incense from their heights a gleam  
To Him who dwells above the clouds they rift.

## III.

At sunset bright are the empurpled hills,  
With glory tinted, poured from out God's hand ;  
The watcher's heart with awe and reverence thrills,  
Before the scene mysterious and grand.

## IV.

The skies, which leaden were, are rosy now,  
And, while I lingering gaze, are flushed with gold ;  
And flaming crimson decks the mountain's brow,  
And pencils ere it fades each outline bold.

## V.

And as the sun sinks to its evening rest,  
Behold the Eastern slopes are kindled now,  
With the same tints which fading in the West  
With brightness do the Eastern hills endow.

## VI.

And as I view the wondrous, changing sheen,  
My arms stretch outward toward the glorious sky,  
My eyes enchanted view the varying scene,  
My heart cries out, "My God is passing by!"

## VII.

From West to East the gorgeous tints have passed,  
And so from earth to heaven my thoughts arise,  
And range from passing clouds to mountains fast,  
And thence to One who reigns above the skies.

## WRECKED.

AN awful storm has wrecked our bark,  
And death stares at us grim and stark ;  
Across the illimitable waves  
A requiem moans its piercing staves.

Just where the fading belt of blue  
Bids the wild-rolling waves adieu,  
There dies our hope, all refuge fails,  
The sun is set, the daylight pales.

And yonder mockery of aid,  
Which our strained vision would persuade  
Us to be speeding on our lee—  
'Tis but a phantom of the sea.

What though the heavens be bright above,  
And round our hearts twine those we love,  
The rising waters doom record,  
The countless stars no aid afford.

No help, great God ! our hearts despair !  
For death at sea, and heaven prepare !  
We must 'neath ocean depths soon dwell,  
While o'er us restless billows swell.

With boats all gone, the hull a wreck,  
With nought to do but pace the deck !  
And, while we pray, the wrecked bark goes,—  
What horrors follow, no man knows.



**I LOVE HER STILL.**

AMONG the guava trees I sit,  
And round me tropic songsters flit ;  
But memory seeks the far-off shore,  
Where dwells the maiden I adore.

I should have plighted her my troth,  
Before my vessel left the Forth,  
But ah, I feel she knew full well  
What faltering courage failed to tell.

While all about me is so fair,  
And Nature's concert floods the air,  
I wonder if my Marion dear  
Still sings the songs I loved to hear.

I often thought before I left,  
If of her love I were bereft,  
I could not bear to sail away,  
Since grief would haunt me day by day.

Oh, had I spoken but the word,  
And her low murmured answer heard ;  
I could have won her long ago,  
For that she loved me well, I know.

And now my mission here is done,  
Beneath this brightly setting sun—  
Oh, blessed thought, I'll soon be home,  
And win her e'er again I roam.

I know I'll find her as of yore—  
Ay, mayhap sweeter than before!  
A lily tall with its sweet grace,  
The rose's bloom upon her face.

I picture her in robes of white,  
Her neck enwreathed in jewels bright,  
With eyes of radiant heavenly blue,  
And braided hair of golden hue.

But soon will come the happy day,  
When by her side I'll whispering say,  
“Oh, love! you hold in thrall my heart,  
Ah, bid me not from you depart.”

I long to say, “I love you dear!  
The heart I offer is sincere,”  
And oh, I trust to hear her say,  
“I loved you ere you went away.”

*IS HE TRUE?*

LORD OSWALD comes to make me grace,  
With noble mien and handsome face,  
And dainty curls about his brow ;  
O ! will he say he loves me now ?

But cease, my heart, and throb not so !  
My hopes were buried long ago ;  
For since he went for absence long,  
My love has sung no lover's song.

He surely might some word have said,  
E'en though it made my cheeks turn red ;  
Some simple word in love's sweet lore,  
Before he sailed for India's shore.

We might have parted lovers true,  
He should have said I love but you,  
But no, he sailed and left a smart  
Not yet quite healed within my heart.

O ! how I longed to hear him say  
" Forget me not, my love, I pray."  
Alas ! he left no lover's word,  
To bind our hearts in sweet accord.

So oft to visit me he came,  
I thought my hand he soon must claim ;  
His heart so gentle was and fair  
My love could not but nestle there.

And yet his letters are so kind,  
That if they do not speak his mind,  
I think he holds within his breast  
The love that sure could make me blest.

This day he comes, the hour draws near,  
I wonder how I shall appear !  
Of all the visits he has made,  
I ne'er before have felt afraid.

I think he liked me drest in white,  
My neck close-clasped with jewels bright,  
For, when he smoothed my braids, he said,  
“A faëry clasp, for faëry maid.”

But hark ! he comes ! Heave not, my breast,  
But strive to be like one at rest !  
I'll don my robe, and deck my brow,  
To hear him say, “I love thee now.”

## WHAT IF?

WHAT if I other things forget,  
I wis not this ;  
'Tis many years since first we met ;  
The stile was damp, the grass was wet ;  
The April shower was just now past ;  
And from the clouds, hung overcast,  
The sun, in peeping through the mist,  
Just at the stile her sweet lips kist ;  
And then the silver-fretted clouds  
His captured beams did send, in crowds  
Of brightest gleams, her face to light  
Until she shone a faëry sprite ;  
As, laughing, from the stile she came,  
She seemed as if of heaven a flame,  
For once again the sun shone through  
In golden glory, set in view  
Upon her brow, his coronet,—  
Which if, I all things else forget,  
Not this I wis,  
My beauteous maiden, wondrous fair,  
Adorned with Nature's gifts most rare.

## WAIFS FROM THE SEA.

From the shore-line of the sea,  
Spreads the shell-encrusted beach,  
Where the wild waves, wild and free,  
Mingle sighs with stormy speech.

Brightly glistens all the foam,  
On the tumbling billows' crests,—  
Shining in a monochrome  
On the emerald of their breasts.

Hark, how mingled is their roar,  
Their mad minstrelsy of sound,  
As the seas break on the shore  
In a never-ceasing round.

See, the frenzy of the spray,  
Seething forward, lurching back,  
Leaving on the shingled way  
Glittering sea-shells 'mid the wrack.

From wide valleys far below,  
Verdurous with moss and fern,  
Where the pearl and coral grow,  
Come the shells the spent waves spurn.

And while rising billows sport,  
Grand in their immensity,  
Waifs of ocean bring report  
Of the realms beneath the sea.

Wondrous is their speech to me,  
Of old Neptune's wat'ry sphere,  
Where the Tritons wander free,  
Careless of the monsters near.

## GROWTH.

MYSTERIOUS principle of life,  
With which the universe is rife !  
All things in order have their birth,  
O'er all the face of mother earth.

Whence comes the lily's power to grow,  
Into the sweetness it doth shew,  
Forcing the earth which weighed it down,  
Until by growth it wears its crown ?

The hidden power which you possess,  
You exercise without distress,  
Organic growth brings into view  
The paths that Nature doth pursue.

God gives us power to grow indeed,  
But not by fretting, nor by speed ;  
The lily toils not, nor doth spin,—  
By growth let us our victory win.

Outgrow our imperfections here,  
Find the full orb of love's sweet sphere,  
Not knowing *how* the growth is won,  
Till we the heavenly crown put on.



OVER LIFE'S STREAM.

ONWARD we glide,  
Bravely we are sailing,—  
Flood is the tide,  
Fair winds prevailing.

Free sails the boat,  
Which the wind seizes ;  
Our pennon floats  
Out on the breezes.

Swiftly we bound,  
Canvas outspreading :  
Light shines around  
Where we are heading.

Over life's stream,  
On toward the beaches,  
Where heaven's gleam  
Breaks o'er the reaches.

Over the bar,  
Into the harbor ;  
Home from afar,  
Rest from our labor.

Home ! raise the shout,  
Tempests more—never ;  
Helm put about,  
Heaven forever !

## CONCEPTS.

How God-like is the human mind,  
How vast its wondrous schemes outwrought,  
Perfect in form when first conceived,  
As when to consummation brought !

The shape the architect designed  
Through weary years of building rose  
The plans matured his mind within  
Their beauties now to all disclose.

When through the ages looking down,  
Some genius sees the world in need,  
What though his body turns to dust,  
If time shall find his plans succeed !

We walk in grand cathedral aisles,  
Which some great artist mind conceived,  
And, though forgot his name and race,  
He lives for aye, his work achieved.

## IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

GREAT man, humanity full-orbed wert thou—  
Its common cause so grandly served would now,  
By brightness of thy life made truly rich,  
Set thee on high, enshrined in holy niche ;  
The memories of thy deeds, so great, so vast,  
Shall mingle with historic glories past,  
And, with the lapse of time, Thy name shall stand  
Foremost, of those whose lives were simply grand !  
Heroic soul ! in thee were all combined  
The springs which reached the hearts of all mankind ;  
The wide world sings its requiem at thy grave ;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand hearts do move,  
In deepest sympathy and tenderest love,  
Touched by the noble life they could not save.

## TRAMPLED FLOWERS.

WENDING my way along a field,  
I crossed a stile beside a wood,  
Whose haunts arboreal revealed  
A fragrance 'mid the solitude.

Some dainty foot had passed before,  
Trampling on Nature's wealth of bloom,  
For flowers crushed its impress bore,  
And shed a wealth of sweet perfume.

Nor bud nor petal had it spared,  
Slight semblance of their grace was left,—  
In death with life they freely shared  
Their scents, though of all else bereft.

What buds and flowers of mortal life,  
By ruthless feet are trodden down  
And lost to sight, in the mad strife  
That spoils them of their fair renown.

The sweet sighs of these trampled flowers,  
Breathe benediction, though abased,  
On wicked hearts through all the hours :  
Would their full bloom our life had graced !

## PEACE.

TOILING through the seething pass,  
Where the current swiftly rolled,  
And the eddies curled the grass,  
And the rifts were manifold,  
Came we to a broader stream,  
Placid as a summer dream.

Out of turmoil into peace,  
Out of foaming waters wild,  
Into Nature's sweet surcease,  
Where the lilies undefiled  
Showed their buds, and opened wide,  
White and yellow, side by side.

Leaving in the thwarts our oars,  
Listlessly we sat at ease,  
Gazing at the verdant shores,  
Where the velvet-coated bees  
Sipped the sweets of many flowers  
Through the golden summer hours.

On the sloping, pebbly beach  
Found we space to bide awhile,  
Culling lilies within reach,  
That their beauties might beguile  
Later labors of the day,  
When our craft should speed away.

Peace, sweet peace, was all around,  
Near the shore where weeds grew rank,  
On the cliffs where ferns were found,  
On the shallows wide and dank,  
And the only music there  
Was the birds' songs high in air.

## A RHINE LEGEND.

## ONE MAN AT PHILLIPSBURG.

THE night is dark, and far beyond the trench  
Loom up the gloomy heights of Phillipsburg ;  
In the French camp a quiet move is made,  
The order having issued to prepare  
To storm the walls. " See you yon lonely place  
Whose undefended parapet appears ?  
Select you (so the order runs) your men.  
No cravens—stout, brave-hearted must they be—  
Danger is imminent, success must be  
Assured. The storming ladders must be borne  
By men invincible who to victory march."  
So, picked from out the ranks, twelve men appear,  
Who the great undertaking dare achieve.  
Right royally they answer to the call—  
Those noble grenadiers ! It seems the twelve  
Must surely win the walls, so grand they are.  
See them advance ! They cross the trench and  
plant  
Their ladders on the walls. They little reck  
That at that very spot the parapet  
Is guarded safe. One brave, though raw, recruit  
Keeps faithful vigil, and is well prepared  
To do and dare, whate'er may come to him,  
And will not fail in noble deed this night.  
Halberd in hand and pacing through his watch,

He goes, quite unexpectant of alarm,  
When suddenly above the wall appears  
The head of one brave grenadier, who seeks  
To plant his feet upon the wall, and thus  
Make entrance sure for those who follow him.  
The sentinel advancing, cries "Ho ! ho !  
Let me show you the way," and throws him back.  
Hardly a minute had elapsed, when lo !  
The same face re-appears—the deed to achieve  
Which at the first attempt was not secured.  
But this miscarried as the other did,  
As down he falls. Again the grenadier  
Climbs up the wall and he too is repulsed,  
Until the twelfth assault, thus nobly met,  
Has given that brave recruit from vain attacks  
A rest. Halberd in hand does he resume  
His watch, until from guard he is relieved.  
The sergeant after change inquires of him  
As to his watch, and he replies that naught  
Occurred, save that a grenadier appeared  
Upon the wall twelve times, and he had pushed  
Him back on each attempt. The sergeant looked,  
And in the trench twelve mangled corpses lay,  
While yet their ladder hung upon the wall ;  
So valiantly did this recruit repel  
The assault, not knowing through his deed and  
watch  
He kept the fortress safe. Brave, raw recruit !  
So must we stand on guard and watchful be,  
Unfailing in our vigils, and repel  
Each several first assault, if we would gain  
The glorious meed of immortality !



REALIZATIONS.

ALAS ! how many hopes of life  
 Are blighted ere they bloom ;  
 The very air with them is rife—  
 These blossoms of the tomb.

The problems which we seek to solve,  
 The castles which we build,  
 The dreams we dream, how they dissolve,  
 As if from naught distilled.

The grandest concepts of our minds,  
 Each highest, noblest aim,  
 Are blown away by fickle winds,  
 And never known to fame.

The painter's fancy in its flight  
 Discerns the vision rare,  
 His work, complete, gives less delight,  
 His ideal was more fair.

As soon as we begin our tasks  
 Our changes too begin ;  
 Our ideals, too, put on their masks,  
 How can we hope to win ?

And so our plans, however cast,  
If we would realize,  
We must pursue with labor vast,  
Nor count the sacrifice.

Life's grandest projects to fulfil  
A life-time does require ;  
And means are furnished by the will  
That does the soul inspire.

Then let us fix our aims so high,  
With heart and conscience pure,  
That all our acts shall beautify  
The plans our lives mature.

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

How bright these days still seem to glow,  
The childhood days of yore !  
Back through the years I long to go—  
They number now two-score.

The boys have reached to manhood's prime,  
The girls to womanhood,  
And yet I seem to hear the chime  
Which sounded through the wood.

The merry laughter in the lane,  
The pranks of youthful days,  
The joyous trampings through the grain,  
In roundelay of plays.

That shorter path to reach the school  
Along the graveyard side,  
Our shadows slanting o'er the pool—  
These memories still abide.

And there the tablets which I read  
Are graved with names I love ;  
I need not stop to prove their meed,  
Who are in heaven above.

Of those now come to man's estate,  
How varied is their lot,  
The weal or woe, the love or hate,  
Their fortunes have begot.

The whitened locks of ripe old age,  
We none of us have found,  
But when we reach that honored stage,  
May grace divine abound.

And when we gain the home on high,  
We'll talk our school-days o'er,  
And hymn His praise who hears the cry  
Of childhood evermore.

THE OLD MINISTER.

At call of roll he answered not,  
His place was vacant now ;  
The first time in his varied lot,  
That this was so, we trow.

A blessed saint of fourscore years,  
Of sterling worth and name,  
Who modest was, and knew no fears,  
And lived unknown to fame.

So diffident and yet so true,  
He hid his needs from all,  
Until, alas, the first we knew,  
He was a poor-house thrall.

Why did he hold our love in doubt ?  
Why did he grieve us so ?  
Loud rang the cry, " We'll get him out,  
And thus our love will show."

What if he never asked for bread ?  
'Twas ours to see him through ;  
To give to him both food and bed,  
As brethren ought to do.

And now we hear the sound of wheels ;  
Here comes the sainted one,  
Borne in the arms of love, he feels  
A monarch on his throne.

Beside the Bishop place his chair,  
That we may see him well ;  
And as he waves his hat in air,  
His presence casts a spell.

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,”  
The gathered concourse sings ;  
Through love the old man’s spared the shame  
The poor-house title brings.

No more the old man needs our aid,  
For him the angels came,  
Though slight the dole the world him paid,  
He has in heaven his fame.

## THE PAST.

THE cottage home against the wood,  
Where grew the banks of violets wild,  
Whose beauty graced the neighborhood  
Of the lush roses, blushing mild  
In clustered masses, that quite hid  
The prickly hedge which they bestrid.

The meadow which adjoined the wood,  
Was full of daisies, whose large eyes  
Would gaze upon me as I stood,  
With look so full of glad surprise,  
I hid behind the gay woodbine,  
And met blue eyes which were divine.

I see them yet, so full and deep,  
I cannot call the years as flown,  
As o'er them all my mind doth sweep,  
Through all that I have felt or known,  
To call her back who blushed so sweet,  
Behind the cottage vines' retreat.

There is no past ; though cottage home,  
And rose, and latticed vine are not ;  
Though o'er the meadows as I roam,  
No daisies bloom to deck the spot,—  
I have them all, they live with me,  
Those blue eyes bear them company.

*REST.*

By the roadside, 'neath the shade,  
Where the brooklet murmurs low,  
Where the ferns the rocks invade,  
And the piny odors blow,  
Here I find a mossy seat,  
In this still and cool retreat.

Oh, the sense of rest divine,  
Which the heavenly breezes bring,  
Driving from this heart of mine  
Pain, and care, and suffering,  
Till to me it haply seems,  
Earth is filled with pleasant dreams.

Here is rest, sweet rest indeed,  
Earthly rest, but more beside,  
From all carking care I'm freed,  
And I float, as on a tide  
Of rapt thought, to realms unseen,  
Aftermaths of joy to glean.



**THE DESERTED MOUNTAIN WAY.**

THE lake with placid depth of calm  
As restful as a babe at breast ;  
The hamlets haunted by the balm,  
The breeze borne on from out the West ;

The beeches on the mountain-side,  
The cascades limpid, leaping down,  
The landscape opening far and wide,  
The hospice dogs of wide renown :

The avalanche's direful sweep,  
The Edelweis so greatly prized,  
The pools sequestered and asleep—  
These all in memory are comprised.

The ever-changing views which met  
The eye as upward yet we wound,  
The rest we took, we'll ne'er forget,  
When gray clouds shut out all around.

When all below and all on high  
Were plunged in one vast formless sea,  
We gladly found each other nigh,  
While waiting for the clouds to flee.

We talked of all the paths of love,  
Of clouds which sometimes overhung,  
Through which we pierced the heights above,  
Where songs were sung the trees among.

When staff in hand we reached the top,  
The summit of the mountain grand,—  
The sloping rays forbade a stop,  
To view the beauties of the land.

How few the mountain path now tread,  
To share these visions fair, which dwell  
In memories dear before us spread ;  
Most, of the *tunnelled mountain* led.

## UNCONSCIOUSLY.

THE sparkling gem unconscious shines  
With lustre ever new,  
Concealed within Golconda's mines,  
Or flashing to our view.

The bird which warbles in the tree,  
And pours its soul in song,  
Is heedless of the harmony  
Its joyous notes prolong.

The stars which gleam upon the night  
Unconsciously rehearse  
The same unending hymn of light,  
To all the Universe.

The buds that with rare beauty ope  
Their petals to our gaze,  
Unconsciously inspire our hope  
And gladden all our days.

The dewdrops glistening on the leaves  
Refresh each plant and tree ;  
What work their littleness achieves,  
And how unconsciously !

Unconsciously the good man shines,  
And gilds his daily life ;  
His godliness his walk refines,  
His days with good are rife.

Unconsciously mankind bestows  
Its meed of worthy praise  
On him, whose life of goodness shows  
The love that crowns his days.

## BON VOYAGE.

Good-by, fond hearts, good-by !  
The land I love now fades away,  
Aye, fades to one faint belt of blue,  
Yet still methinks in sweet array,  
I see you wave your last adieu,—  
And say, Good-by, Good-by !

Good-by, dear home, good-by !  
The ties which twine about my heart,  
How dear they grow as they remove !  
I lift a prayer with lips apart,  
“God keep from harm the souls I love,”  
Meanwhile, I say, Good-by !

Good-by, my love, good-by !  
I query oft before I rest,  
Will you, my love, be spared to me ?  
Of you, my heart will go in quest,  
Nor can I sleep, nor tranquil be  
Without one sweet Good-by !

Good-by, farewell, good-by !  
How oft in dreams, as on I sail,  
There come to me dear white-robed ones !  
And when they leave I start and quail,  
Before the words my nature shuns  
To say, “Farewell, Good-by !”

Good-by, to all, good-by !  
If good or ill be yours or mine,  
So we but love, and pray, and trust,  
Through storms that blow, or glad sunshine,  
And so to others be but just,  
We'll gaily say, "Good-by."

**BUT YESTERDAY.**

But yesterday the daisies bloomed so sweet  
Amid the grass about my wandering feet ;  
To-day the flowers are fled, the grass is brown,  
And all is covered with the snow's white down.

But yesterday the red rose petals oped,  
That grew upon the garden side, which sloped  
Toward the lattice where I sat, and breathed  
Their fragrant balm through ivies interleaved.

But yesterday and all the Autumn flowers,  
Purple and scarlet clad, revelled in bowers  
Of royal splendor,—to the Summer gay  
A sequence fair, as moonrise follows day.

But yesterday our dreams of childhood days  
Were the sole visions which our lips did praise,  
But ere our childhood song had found a tune  
Our dreams were fled—as morning stars at noon.

But yesterday it seems we were in truth  
Amid the busy scenes and joys of youth,  
When fancy built its castles in the air,  
With bannerets and turrets gleaming fair.

But yesterday our hopes were realized,  
With all that love and fond ambition prized ;  
The work that made our manhood's high estate  
We toiled and labored long to consummate.

But yesterday we plighted troth with time,  
To-day we hear the clanging bell, whose chime  
Reminds us that another year has gone,  
No matter what the paths we travelled on.

Yesterday and To-day ! Let words of grace  
Greet all our days as they meet face to face ;  
Yesterday and To-day ! One quickly flown,  
Over the other be sweet roses strewn !



## AT SUNSET.

SWEET summer night so soft and still,  
I hear the roses breathe at will  
Their rich, warm fragrance on the air,  
That rests upon the landscape fair.

The clover blossoms, white and red,  
All through the grass their perfume shed ;  
And here and there red poppies show,  
And through the meadow brightly glow.

The sun the hill-top brightly gilds,  
And all the heavy wheat-head fields ;  
It shines upon the village spires,  
And rare, rich tints each cloud acquires.

The mountain sides of olive green  
Rest on the grassy velveteen ;  
The sun sinks slowly far away,  
While overhead the skies are gray.

O, quiet hush of nature sweet !  
Which balm of sleep will soon complete,  
And man and beast lie down and rest  
Beneath the heavens with beauty drest.

**BETRAYED.**

To rear a faith through slowly passing years,  
And weep but now such biting, scalding tears ;  
To find fair hopes, long cherished in my breast,  
O'erthrown, and tenantless their place of rest.

With weary ploddings, step by step was gained  
The resting-place, from which my heart so pained  
Looks out upon the hopes that shattered lie,  
Striving to question not the reason why.

To be betrayed at friendship's golden shrine,  
To sever each sweet cord which love did twine,  
How bitter, spending all the years now past  
In weaving strands thus broken at the last !

And yet shall faith forget the place it knew,  
Shall trust give way because one proves untrue ?  
Hope on, brave heart, and build another nest,  
And brood young loves again within thy breast.

All is not vain, though drear may be the day,  
Rebuild thy faith, and let it stand for aye.  
Who knows but in the days which are to come,  
He who betrayed thy trust shall find God's home ?

## NOONING.

BESIDE our gathered sheaves to rest  
In welcome shade at hour of noon,  
And view the harvest not yet reaped,  
Is joy indeed for those so blest.

The noontide meal we eat with zest,  
And count the labor we have spent,  
As well repaid with golden grain,  
That waves so fair against the West.

We quaff from the cool rivulet  
That waters well these fruitful fields,  
A draught that brings to honest toil  
A pleasure fraught with no regret.

And now we sweep the cradle strong,  
And afterward will bind the grain,  
And as we count the standing sheaves,  
We'll sing the happy harvest song.

## WEAVING.

LIFE's looms are ever weaving,  
Life's shuttles ever plying,  
Life's workers ever leaving,  
Life's labors soon denying.

Yet ply the shuttles gayly,  
Both web and woof inweaving  
Whose mingling shows us daily  
The pattern we're achieving.

What though some threads be broken,  
The texture sadly fraying,  
We tie the knots in token  
Of what we are essaying.

If web and woof are golden,  
Design divine receiving,  
The fabric, when unfolden  
Shall leave no ground for grieving.

DAYS.

Time has its mile-posts which we pass,  
 Recalling days, alas ! alas !  
 Sweet halcyon days of such delight  
 That we would fain have stayed their flight.

How swift the dreamy days went by ;  
 When suddenly as clouds do fly,  
 And lightnings flash, and rains do fall,  
 Our dreams were gone beyond recall.

How glad those days, how bright with hope,  
 Revealing life's divinest scope,  
 When, pointing to the heavenly days,  
 They crowned the hours with songful praise !

Those sunny days which knew no storm,  
 Which brought no burden, nor alarm,  
 And strewed our paths with myriad flowers,  
 Whose fragrance breathed of Spring-time showers.

And days there have been of despair,  
 Days laden deep with heavy care ;  
 Days dark with storm and full of woe,  
 These, these are gone ! Thank God, 'tis so.

The days of Spring-time, bringing bloom,  
Fast drove away the days of gloom ;  
And Summer flowers and Autumn fruit  
Have followed Spring with their tribute.

Fête days, red-lettered, we have had,  
Whose memories now do make us glad ;  
And Christmas days, which, as of yore,  
Were given to Him whom we adore.

And though such signs recall the past,  
While all the leaves are falling fast,  
These may not thrust life's vision out,  
So long as faith resolves all doubt.

The passing days, if bright or dark,  
If full of hope, or misery stark,  
They soon will be forever gone,  
And Time, Eternity put on.

And if old age is with us now,  
We may through retrospect avow,  
That past and present, both are one,  
And wait to hear Christ say, " Well done."

To thee we look, Eternal Day,  
When all earth's days will fade away,  
And in thy vision, grand, sublime,  
Forget the days we knew in Time.

**BY THE SEA.**

My loved sail the deep sea waves by great winds  
    crost,  
With glittering crests by the tempest tost,  
And the spectral waves, as they pass like clouds,  
Hide their ship from my eyes by their billowy  
    shrouds.

While my heart cries aloud in its anguish sore,  
The waves surge on with tumultuous roar,  
And my loved ones out there on the ocean driven,  
Are drifting afar from their homestead haven.

O, my heart throbs with pain as over the sea  
It breathes out a prayer that my loved ones may be  
Preserved in Thy goodness, Thou God of the storm,  
Delivered from all that my soul does alarm.

I bade them adieu as I stood on the pier,  
With heart full of hope, and no trace of a tear ;  
Nor then did I reck but the ship would return,  
Bringing back to me those I fain would discern.

My God ! shall I lose those my heart loves so well,  
Must they sink 'neath the waves that so mountain-  
    ous swell ?

Or shall I hope on, 'till the tempest subside,  
When Thou through the sea a safe path will provide ?

To a land where there is no more tempest or sea,  
Where saved are the shipwrecked, and I soon will  
be,—

O, there, past the breakers that foam on the strand,  
There, there ! with the Lord is the blessed homeland.



## IN SICKNESS.

Only waiting,  
For the lifting of the shadows dim  
That enshroud the blooming of the rose ;  
For the chaunting of the heavenly hymn  
That shall soothe my soul to sweet repose.

Only waiting,  
For the kalends of this pain to pass,  
For my aching brain to find relief,  
And resolve those mysteries which, alas,  
Are ministered alone by woe and grief.

Only waiting,  
For dear faces at the hearthstone fire  
To come and take their places round me ;  
For the answer to my fond desire,  
That they from every sorrow may be free.

Only waiting,  
For the voice that soon will grant release  
From the weary burden of my pain ;  
For the dawn of everlasting peace,  
And the coming of Immanuel's reign.

## CATHEDRAL WINDOWS.

VERGER, come with me, and bring your keys,  
Ere the shadows lengthen through the trees,  
While the sun sinks slowly to the West,  
Let me see the minster at its best.

Streaming through the windows painted fair,  
What a flood of heavenly glory there,  
Falling on the tessellated floor,  
Thrills me as I stand within the door.

Mystic splendor dwells in all the nave,  
Blue and golden beams, and crimson, wave,  
All aslant the widely pillared aisles,  
Where they drift in rainbow-tinted files.

Holy transport fills my trembling heart,  
While I muse from all the world apart ;  
And methinks the mingling colors bright  
Are faint gleams escaped the gates of light.

In the aisles the holy prophets walk—  
List ! I wait to hear the apostles talk,  
'Mid the transept's-shadow now appears  
The Lamb whose likeness melts my eyes to tears.

Looking through my tears, as through a mist,  
O'er the altar of the Eucharist,  
I behold within the windowed West  
Glory that eclipses all the rest.

Peaceful thoughts my passions now control,  
And the rapture deepens in my soul,  
My lips are mute, for heaven dwells within,  
And here I feel its ecstasy begin.

Grows the sense ethereal more divine,  
While I meekly worship in this shrine :  
And I straightway seem to tabernacle here  
With the Master whom I so revere !

Muse, my soul, and worship here for aye,  
Let the glory stream in as it may ;  
Perfect harmonies my soul ensphere,  
Visions such as these but *here* appear.

O, ye dwellers in the world without,  
Mock not at a faith that holds no doubt !  
Glories through these windows only shine  
For those who wait on Him, the Christ divine !

## GAIN BY DEATH.

DEATH is but usher to a change  
Of place and circumstance ;  
And has no being in the range  
Of heaven's inheritance.

Leave him the vestments of the soul  
At verge of his domain ;  
Pure spirits only pass the goal  
Beyond which angels reign.

What though the longest span of life  
Gives space to fight with sins ;  
Death brings the ending of the strife—  
Eternal Life begins.

Freed from all incubi by Death,  
Up through the space we soar  
To join the living commonwealth,  
And Christ the King adore !

**THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.**

THE weary earth is hushed to rest,  
The sun has sunk into the West,  
And tender rays of golden light  
Crown Bethlehem's crest with glory bright.

The terraced rows of olive trees,  
The vines that rustle in the breeze,  
Illumined are with crimson hue,  
Which robes the hills in vesture new.

The brook glides on its banks between,  
The flocks lie down in pastures green,  
Their watches now the shepherds keep,  
And village folk are wrapped in sleep.

The moon full-orbed floats into view,  
The Pleiades their path pursue,  
The milky-way o'erspreads the sky,  
And peace on all the earth doth lie.

No sound upon the stillness breaks,  
Nor rude alarm the welkin wakes,  
And e'en the shepherds' trusty guide,  
Is silent by his master's side.

This blessed night upon the plain  
Will see begin Immanuel's reign,  
When countless hosts will fill the sky,  
And God his Son will glorify.

And can it be He comes this night,  
That Heaven and Earth will soon unite,  
That heralds of the heavenly King,  
The fulness of the times shall sing?

If shepherds' hearts commune with God,  
As down the vale their path is trod,  
They have no sweet expectancy  
Of what their eyes so soon shall see ;

Or that the angel hymns at morn  
Will teach them that the Christ is born,  
Or that they'd haste to worship Him,  
Whose glory time shall never dim.

## THE CHRISTMAS GLORY.

ARISE! O, my soul, on this Christmas so blest,  
And tell the glad story, to shepherds confest,  
Of the mercy of God and His infinite love,  
In sending salvation from Heaven above.

I wish I had been with the shepherds that night,  
When the angelic herald, all haloed with light,  
Burst forth 'mid the stars, through the heavenly  
gate,  
With message of love, fraught with promise so great.

No wonder the glory of God shone around,  
For never on earth did such blessings abound ;  
The Father, in mercy, His own Son had given,  
Announcing his gift by an angel from Heaven.

Great tidings of joy for his message he brought,  
Which were to all people by sin sore distraught :  
He said to the shepherds, by night watches worn,  
A Saviour for men, Christ the Lord, has been born.

Then came the sweet harpers and seraphs of song,  
In shining array—what a glorious throng!  
No wonder the souls of the shepherds were stirred,  
When the bright-wingèd choir celestial was heard !

How grand and how solemn that anthem so sweet,  
Which my soul to itself doth so often repeat ;  
Of "Glory to God in the highest," they sang—  
A pæan of joy that through all the world rang.

The earth, from the time it rolled forth from God's  
hand,  
Had never heard music so sweet, or so grand,  
As then did break forth in melodious strains  
On the silence that brooded o'er Bethlehem's plains.

Again did the angels renew the glad song,  
And sing that to "Men of good will" did belong  
The promise and portion fulfilled in Christ's birth,  
Of "peace universal to reign upon earth."

And then the bright cohorts to Heaven took flight,  
And the white-wingèd host was soon folded from  
sight ;  
While the shepherds, in search of the heralded Lord,  
Found a Saviour to worship with sweetest accord.

My soul sometimes asks if the wild beasts of prey  
From the flocks by good angels were banished away,  
That the shepherds might go to the infant new-born,  
And pay their glad homage ere break of the morn.

Though lowly, how faithful those shepherds alway,  
In tending their flocks lest they wander astray :—  
Full oft in my heart I have prayed the good Lord,  
To help me my vigils as faithful to guard.



Now the wish of my soul this bright Christmas day  
Is to bow at Christ's feet, and my glad homage pay,  
And take up the chorus that rang o'er the plain,  
And sing with the angels that "Glory" again.

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MERCY REGNANT.

WHILE the stars about them coronet and shine,  
Like a haloed glory round their heads divine,  
Lo ! the angels' faces, fill the vaulted skies,  
Beaming on the shepherds, bringing sweet surprise.

From the gates of heaven issues love supreme,  
Shows to mortal vision its supernal beam,  
Magnifies the promise, glorifies the word,  
Angels bear its message. Lo ! the song is heard.

O, the shining faces, never stained with tears,  
Bright angelic faces, more than prophets, seers ;  
Glad they chant the story, sweetly sing of "Peace,"  
Mercy's heralds of the hope which ne'er shall cease.

White-stoled Mercy regnant folds her silver wings,  
Looking down the ages at the pearls she brings ;  
When from all the nations, garnered through all  
time,  
Christ shall bring His jewels, out of every clime.

## THE ADVENT.

HARK ! the heavenly chords resounding,  
Love divine on earth abounding,  
Sweetest music now doth greet us—  
Lo, the angels come to meet us !

Heaven's King the hosts reviewing—  
See ! their earthward course pursuing,—  
Bright arrayed in robes of glory,  
Come the throngs to chant the story.

God the Father's love beholding,  
They, His mercy new unfolding,  
Fill the heavenly vault with gladness,  
Bringing balm to banish sadness.

To the shepherds now appearing,  
Angels sing—O, how endearing !—  
“Peace on earth ” the bright plains filling,  
Hearts of lowly watchers thrilling.

To the manger now, delighted,  
By the angel host invited,  
While their music yet is ringing,  
Shepherds come, their homage bringing.

Stoops to us the Lord eternal—  
O, the height of Love Supernal :  
At His cradle humbly kneeling,  
O, the shrine His Grace revealing.

Hail ! Thou author of redemption,  
Let us feel from sin exemption,  
Worship Thee this Christmas morning—  
Pledge of day forever dawning.

## AT BETHLEHEM.

ALL hail ! the Prince of Peace on earth ;  
He comes of royal line,  
Through all the world make known the birth  
Of Christ, the Child divine.

The Father's glory waits on him,  
Sweet music angels bring ;  
Through golden gates the Seraphim  
Come down on earth to sing.

With folded wings the Cherubim  
Proclaim that Christ is born ;  
Join all on earth in praise to Him,  
Upon this Christmas morn.

The wonderful ! the mighty God !  
The happy earth beholds ;  
He comes ! King David's sovereign Lord—  
His Love the race enfolds.

Before His cradle shepherds bend,  
His Star above them gleams ;  
The wise men with their gifts attend,  
The earth with glory beams.

The life so lowly here begun,  
Our sins is pledged to bear ;  
Let far and wide the tidings run,  
His pathway to prepare.

The Child of Bethlehem to-day  
Is hailed in every land,  
The Prince of Peace our hearts doth sway—  
By loves' supreme command.

## CAPERNAUM AT EVENTIDE.

O, BURDEN-BEARER of the world, do Thou  
Behold the faith of those who seek Thee now :  
Tortured with ills, they fain would know Thy power,  
And feel Thy gift of healing in this hour.

The shades are gathering round this place of rest,  
With rosy hues the Sun fades in the West ;  
Have pity, Lord, on those who kneel to Thee,  
And bid them rise, from every sorrow free.

With sightless eyes, upraised, they wait for cheer,  
Who never yet have seen the Lord appear ;  
With tongues yet dumb, they for their Christ await,  
That praise of Him may shew their new estate.

With shrunken limbs, and bodies all unsound,  
With fevered brain which bears its burden round,  
With hectic flush which fills the heart with fears—  
They ask Thy pity, Lord, with rising tears.

O wondrous scene on which the angels look !  
O wondrous promise in God's precious Book !  
Himself, the woes of all doth bear away ;  
Himself, doth hear those who for healing pray.

The blessed Christ the Word of Healing speaks,  
No more the maniac fills the air with shrieks,  
The blind now see, the palsied limbs are sound,  
The loosened tongues with Mercy's praise abound.

And at this hour of Eventide all hail  
The Love and Power that in His Hands prevail ;  
For so the ever-blessed Record reads,  
That all found Healing, in their utmost needs.

And now, my Soul, adore this Saviour, too,  
For He his gifts of Healing wrought for you,  
He loves alway His mercy sweet to show—  
His benediction rests on all below.

## LOVE DIADEMED ON EARTH.

TRANSCENDENT love that fills the sky,  
Enfolds the earth and blesses man,  
Deep in the heart of God doth lie,  
And doth eternal æons span.

Given a body like our own,  
Walking the earth a holy life,  
Bright through the veil of flesh it shone,  
A pledge of peace 'mid worldly strife.

Pitiful, meeting every need,  
Healing all wounds that sin had made,  
Ever for mercy it did plead,  
Nor erring ones did it upbraid.

Opened the hearts of man to it ;  
Childhood was blest where'er it came ;  
Motherhood at its feet did sit,  
And misery forgot its shame.

Speed through the world, O Love Divine !  
Gladden the hearts of all below,  
And let thy radiant glory shine,  
Till earth is freed of all its woe.



LOVE'S AFORETIME.

ALL hail, thou child of love's immortal love,  
 Diffusing fragrance which love's hand doth lave ;  
 The costly nard, distilling from above,  
 Anoints the Christ aforehand for the grave.

Love's office with love's meekness thus doth crown  
 With spikenard drops, from precious vase poured  
 out  
 Upon the Saviour's head, and flowing down  
 Shews us the wealth of Mary's love devout.

The all-pervading perfume of that nard,  
 With which love did anoint the dying Lord,  
 Has found adown the ages sweet regard  
 With pious souls, whose gifts with hers accord.

So love's aforetime would anticipate,  
 And runs before the needs of His demise ;  
 Its intuitions, so compassionate,  
 Would break the cruse before His sacrifice.

Christ took this gift which the dear woman brought,  
 And fixed its value at a priceless rate ;  
 And so the memory of her dear forethought,  
 Remains in God's own book inviolate.

Like gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
Which at Christ's birth the wise men brought to  
Him,  
The record of this vase doth register  
A love undying, which the ages hymn !

## GETHSEMANE.

A DARK apocalypse of grief,  
A vision full of direst woe,  
The great, bright, holy stars of heaven  
Behold where Kedron's waters flow.

That midnight scene on Olivet,  
When Jesus bowed himself in prayer,  
O, holy, sad Gethsemane,  
What horror hung upon the air !

He knelt alone upon the ground,  
(For those who should have watched did sleep),  
A struggling soul, which sought relief,  
With bloody sweat, and anguish deep.

"If it be possible," He prays ;  
And yet for sin He must atone :  
In awful ecstasy of grief  
The mighty Saviour weeps alone.

His holy eyes behold the cup,  
The chalice, which He needs must drink ;  
And all His being fills with shame,  
From which His sinless soul doth shrink.

O, still, sad hour surcharged with woe !  
Nor length, nor depth, nor breadth, nor height  
Appeared when God His face withdrew,  
While angels shuddered with affright.

How cold the ground by Kedron's streams,  
What sombre shades the olives cast ;  
The solitude itself grew faint,  
As Jesus' prayer to heaven passed.

My soul has known its load of guilt,  
Which sin affixed and truth revealed,  
Until I sank beneath its weight ;  
From sorrow's thrusts I found no shield.

Then went I to Gethsemane ;  
The place of prayer I sought and found ;  
And while I there confessed my sin,  
The heavenly glory shone around.

Thou mighty One, to whom I pray,  
Help me my all to render Thee,  
And e'er remember while I live  
Thy struggle in Gethsemane.

LOVE CRUCIFIED.

MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA.

O LOVE divine, what grief !  
For none may bring relief ;  
    Come, saints, and sing His dirge,  
    Who thus your sins doth purge,  
O wondrous mercy, deep and rare ;  
He dies ! O come, His sorrow share.

Dying, He points the way,  
To all in sore dismay,  
    Who now believe, and hope  
    The doors of heaven will ope,  
And paradise with Him be found ;  
O mystery of love profound !

The angels see His woe ;  
None ever bowed so low,—  
    For very love He dies ;  
    Nature, in sad surprise,  
Curtains its face in darkening gloom,  
And groans to give its Maker room.

Jesus our life is dead !  
To Him our hopes were wed ;  
    The cross, a cross of shame,  
    Bears now our King, with name  
Reviled by all the ribald crowd,  
With curses vile, and deep, and loud.

While at His cross we bend,  
And tears of pity lend,  
    And Love Incarnate view,—  
    Our human love pierced through,  
Transported at His feet doth cry,  
For us, for us, He deigned to die.

**IBIS AD CRUCEM.**

THE thorny crown which drips with blood,  
The awful scourge, the mocking guard,  
The smiting palm, the lictor's rod,  
Are borne by Christ without a word.

The soldier's spear, the rabble cries,  
And ribald gibes, and scoffing jeers,  
And love maternal, bathed in tears,  
Attend the Saviour's painful death.

From Pilate's court, condemned to die,  
To Calvary the Saviour goes ;  
And from the cross with all its woes  
We hear His dying prayer of love.

"Father, they know not what they do,  
Forgive what they have wrought on me.  
Behold thy mother! do thou be  
To her a son for mine own sake."

Dying, an earthquake shakes the ground ;  
Nature itself rebels to see  
The Saviour's mortal agony,  
And shrouds itself in deepest gloom.

Hark ! 'mid the darkness round the cross  
Forth from His lips there bursts the cry,  
"Eli, Lama, Sabachthani !"  
Truly, this was the Son of God.

The Jewish temple-veil is rent ;  
The dead come forth 'mid silence dread ;  
The dying Saviour bows His head,  
Cries "It is finished," and expires.

O, awful scene ! O, sacred woe !  
O, deepest shades of dark despair !  
That Thou, O Christ ! our sins to bear,  
Should'st know the direst pangs of death.



**WATCHING AT THE EASTER TOMB.**

BEREFT of all, alone he dies ;  
He treads the wine-press all alone ;  
Alone the conflict doth He wage ;  
Alone for sin doth He atone.

His body, swathed in linen fine,  
With myrrh and aloes, spices pure,  
Was laid within a virgin tomb,  
And women true His rest assure.

The moon shines full on Jesus' tomb ;  
The stone is rolled, affixed the seal :  
The armèd guards their watches keep,  
Nor share the grief that loved ones feel.

In sepulchre, on stony bed,  
The blessed Saviour's body lies ;  
Alone in death He conquers Death,  
And links this World with Paradise.

If buried with Him were our hopes,  
These, too, with Him shall rise again ;  
And now the happy hour draws nigh,  
And angels sing the glad refrain.

And garden flowers and fragrance wait,  
To greet the Sun on Easter morn,  
When Jesus from the tomb shall come,  
As glory gilds the early dawn.

**EASTER MORN.**

THE column of the day now gilds  
The gray sky in the East ;  
And lights our hopes which Jesus builds,  
And crowns the Easter feast.

The beatific hymn we sing,  
Was born with Hope's new birth ;  
When angels did fresh tidings bring,  
And told the same on earth.

The Lord is risen, in very deed !  
The emptied tomb we see ;—  
And Hell and Death receive their meed,—  
He conquered gloriously.

The mighty Victor is our King ;  
We triumph through His might.  
To Him sweet flowers of Spring we bring,  
And Easter lilies bright.

Receive our gifts, dear Risen Lord,  
In token of our love :  
Forever be Thy name adored,  
By all Thy Saints above.

## AN EASTER ANTHEM.

WHILE Roman guards their vigils keep,  
He rises from the rock-hewn tomb,  
Renews our hopes, late wrapped in gloom,  
Triumphant over hell and death.

Anticipates the work of love,  
That woman's hands would fain have wrought,  
More precious far than spices brought,  
The revelation angels made.

The darkness from the earth has fled,  
The angel visitants draw near ;  
Gladly they say, " He is not here "—  
Immortal life breaks from the tomb.

Salvation wrought, His work fulfilled,  
His light, eclipsed, again appears ;  
Gone with the gloom all cause for tears,  
Death's bonds are loosed, triumph complete.

Fairer than lilies of the field,  
Most lovely flower of all our race,  
In month of Nisan shews His face,  
Resplendent with eternal love.

When laid away in Joseph's tomb,  
They wept the Son of Man as dead ;  
He rises, and lo, Death has fled,  
The cov'nant new, is now fulfilled.

Hail Him, who breaks the bonds of Death !  
Sing praise ! eternal hope is born ;  
Let all on earth, on Easter morn,  
Proclaim redemption's work is done.

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN.

ERSTWHILE He lay in state,  
In care of Seraphim—  
For angels constant wait,  
In ministries on Him.

Thus soon Immortal Love  
Anticipates the day ;  
While night is yet above,  
The stone is rolled away.

Yes, ere the day-dawn shows,  
Or human love draws near,  
He wakes from death's repose ;  
The Easter Dawn is here !

The Easter-day has birth !  
Was ever day so bright  
As this, which breaks on earth  
To bless each heart contrite ?

With angel hosts attent,  
Heaven's glory waits on Him ;  
Nor can Death's power prevent,  
Nor Hell His honor dim.

Before the lilies ope,  
Just as the dawn appears,  
He comes ! He brings us hope,  
And wipes away our tears.

He needeth not love's gifts  
Of spices rare and sweet ;  
Death's robes the angel lifts ;  
His triumph is complete.

Bright Easter lilies bring,  
And deck the holy font  
With all the flowers of Spring,  
And sweetest carols chant.

Sing praise to Him who lives,  
Who brought Salvation nigh,  
Who to us heaven gives,  
Whose praise we magnify.

Dawns the Eternal day !  
Our faith looks toward the East ;  
The sunrise tints the gray,  
We hail the Easter feast.

ALLELUIA.

Loud Alleluias sing !

The Lord is risen indeed—  
Ye hosts of Israel, sing,  
Your triumph doth He lead ;  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !

Behold the mighty deed !  
Throughout the heavens ring,  
That man from Hell is freed ;  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !

Forever will He reign,  
Our dead raised up will bring,  
Who life eternal gain ;  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !

No more we fear the grave,  
For death hath lost its sting,  
And Christ His saints doth save :  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !  
Hell's jubilee is o'er ;  
Our hope was perishing,  
Now faith bides evermore ;  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !  
Our banners here we raise,  
And hearty tributes bring,  
Christ, Victor, Thee we praise !  
Sing Alleluia, sing !

Loud Alleluias sing !  
Our Christ is risen indeed :  
Death vanquished, owns Him King,  
Bring forth the conqueror's meed ;  
Sing Alleluia sing !



## EASTER DAY.

ALL hail ! Eternal day breaks on the earth,  
Immortal hope comes quickly to its birth ;  
Christ rises ! mighty victor from the tomb,  
And man is saved from everlasting doom.

Sing praise, ye saints, upon this blessed morn ;  
Death of his awful terrors now is shorn :  
And as the glorious spoiler's face appears,  
We bury in His empty tomb our fears.

The Lord comes forth ! Himself he could not save,  
For Love Divine in sin's dark flood must lave !  
And having wrought his Father's righteous will,  
Sin's waves retreat, they hear His "Peace, be still."

O, holy hope, which blesses us below ;  
Upon the Easter morn let all our woe  
Be rolled away as its glad dawn appears,  
For Jesus comes, to wipe away our tears !

O, joyful day to all who bide the time  
With holy faith, that to heaven's fairer clime  
His saints the risen Saviour will bring home,  
'Mid groves immortal evermore to roam.

**THE FEAST OF THE EUCHARIST.**

JESUS hail ! enthroned in glory,  
Down the ages comes the story  
Of Thy body slain for me ;  
Let me eat and drink of Thee.

At the right of God in heaven,  
Thou whose side on earth was riven,  
Sittest now a pledge for all :  
I will drink, and on Thee call.

Here Thyself to me revealing,  
Meekly at Thy table kneeling,  
Where thy Eucharist is spread,  
Let my soul on Thee be fed.

Bread of heaven which was broken,  
For eternal life a token,  
O, sustain me, food divine,  
Fill me, waiting at Thy shrine.

Wine of heaven, fraught with blessing,  
Cleanse me now, my sins confessing,  
As Thy cup is offered me,  
Let me drink, remembering Thee.

Holy peace my heart now filling,  
Lifts my soul in transport willing ;  
Hark ! I hear the Master's voice,  
Up my soul, rejoice, rejoice !

## THE ASCENSION.

AROUND the manger at His birth  
Were grouped the lowly ones of earth ;  
Now He goes forth from Salem fair,  
And bids His called His glory share.

Toward Bethany in converse sweet  
They travel on with wonder meet ;  
Their hearts a-flame with holy love,  
While angels leave their thrones above.

O wondrous scene on Olivet !  
Thy crown in heavenly glory set :  
What benisons bestowed on those  
Who saw the Master as He rose !

The Saviour lifts His hands to bless ;  
His chosen hear His last address ;  
The cloud rests low upon the mount,  
And veils the angels none may count.

Redemption passes all unseen,  
Beyond the clouds which lie between  
The skies, and faces that we lift  
In vain, sweet hope the clouds to rift.

While gazing where their Lord arose,  
Whom now the heavens no more disclose,  
Two angels say that He will come,  
Again to take his loved ones home.

Though here the veil is closely drawn,  
There shines in heaven eternal morn,  
For hark ! the angels shout on high,  
“ The King of Glory now draws nigh ! ”

“ Who is this King of Glory ! Who ? ”  
“ The Lord of Hosts ! ” Sing praises due !  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,”  
Lo ! Heaven in state upon Him waits.

To Mercy's shrine above He goes,  
Acquainted well with all our woes,  
And at His Father's side He pleads ;  
For you and me He intercedes.

Our human nature hence He bears ;  
The God-man in the heavens appears ;  
Forever shews His wounds above,  
Forever woos us by His love.

All hail to Thee, ascended Lord !  
Be Thou by all on earth adored,  
While angels hymn Thy praise in Heaven,  
To Thee all glory here be given.

## PENTECOST.

WHAT gracious wonder now appears?  
What joy displaces all their fears?  
What glory fills the place of prayer?  
What tokens the disciples bear?  
Like mighty rushing winds descends  
The promised gift, which all hearts blends.

The pentecostal pledge of love  
The Father sends them from above ;  
Redemption now appears complete ;  
To saints there comes the Paraclete ;  
The Master's promise is fulfilled,  
The heavenly unction is instilled.

The gift of tongues rests on them all,  
And glory shines throughout the hall ;  
While from their lips in wondrous speech  
Whose utterance all the world shall reach,  
Breaks forth the praise of God on high,  
Till songs of earth did heaven's outvie.

O wondrous gift of love divine !  
Which yet in human hearts doth shine ;  
Abide in power through all the days,  
Endue thy church with holy praise,  
Fill those who preach the word with fire,  
With holy zeal thy saints inspire.

## PARACLETE DIVINE.

COME, Paraclete Divine,  
Endow this heart of mine  
    With Thy rich grace ;  
My selfishness remove,  
And fill me with Thy love,  
Lifting my soul above  
    In Thy embrace !

Adopting Spirit, come,  
My wandering heart call home ;  
    Witness to me  
That through Thy cleansing power,  
Which Thou on me dost shower,  
My soul receives Thy dower  
    Of purity !

Spirit of Life, reveal  
The impress of Thy seal,  
    Which makes me Thine ;  
Thyself my soul shall fill,  
And all my nature thrill,  
With joy's perennial rill,  
    Spirit Divine.

Transforming Spirit, now  
Blest Counsellor be Thou,  
    Life's journey through ;  
Giver of gifts Thou art ;  
Spirit of prayer impart,  
Foil Satan's every dart,  
    My Helper true.

My vision clarified,  
My nature sanctified  
    Like to my Lord,  
Would Thee through life adore :  
Send power to love Thee more,  
And spread from shore to shore  
    The gifts of God.

Pledge of the Father's love,  
May I Thy fulness prove  
    Each passing hour ;  
Help me to worship Thee,  
Bring forth Thy fruit in me,  
Spirit of Purity,  
    And source of power !

## VIA LUCIS VIA CRUCIS.

A SWEET light shines on land and sea,  
Bright beacon to humanity ;  
It wreathes the blessed cross of hope,  
And shews the gates of mercy ope.

Irradiates our sojourn here,  
Ennobles man in every sphere,  
Fills earnest souls with brightest aims,  
And liberty to all proclaims.

Dispels the fears that compass man,  
Compresses heaven in life's short span,  
Spreads glory through the Universe,  
And frees the earth of Adam's curse.

Blest light that burns with the pure flame  
Which diadems the Saviour's name,  
Chases the fear of death away,  
And harbingers eternal day.

Shine on, sweet Light, o'er land and sea !  
Toward thee looks all humanity ;  
By thee the way to heaven is plain,  
Though clouds may lour, and suns may wane.

Sweet Light, sweet Cross, ye both are one !  
Ye glorify God's holy Son !  
Your light which shines so kindly now  
In heaven shall hallow every brow.



SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I UNTO THEE.

THE answer which our faith receives  
Is fraught with blessing and with grace ;  
Our every need our God relieves,  
As we look up into His face.

Out of the riches of His grace,  
The Gospel measure e'er runs o'er ;  
His saints who alway see His face  
Receive His fulness evermore.

So our divine replenishing  
Is a sweet mystery of grace,  
Which knows of no evanishing,  
But blesses all who see His face.

The lame man asked for alms, not grace—  
Sitting within the temple door,  
And as he looked on Peter's face,  
The gift of Christ did him restore.

So let us give such as we own,  
Out of our treasuries of grace ;  
Ourselves the richer, as alone  
In giving thus, we see His face.

O gift of Jesus, rich in grace !  
Replete with every heavenly dower ;  
To all of those who seek His face,  
Will grace be given to know His power.

Thus richer growing day by day  
With each endowment of His grace,  
May we enlarge His bounds alway,  
That all mankind may see His face.

WORDS OF JESUS.

ACCURSED by sin, where shall I flee ?  
"Thou heavy laden, come to Me."  
What words of grace are these I hear,  
So sweetly whispered in my ear ?

"Thy guilt confess, thy ways forsake :  
No longer need thy bosom ache ;  
But, having gained from sin release,  
Within my vineyard rest in peace."

To him whose soul is weary, Lord,  
What rest the gospel doth afford !  
What blessed hope streams to the heart,  
When Jesus' voice bids fear depart !

Loving, Thou sayest unto all,  
Who, burdened, on Thy name do call,  
"Though heaven and earth shall pass away,  
Unchanged my pledge shall stand alway.

"When clouds do gather, storms arise,  
Rest thou thy hopes in Paradise ;  
Though rising waves thy bosom chill,  
Thou'lt hear My voice in 'Peace, be still.'

“If troubled here with many cares,  
And every hour its burden bears,  
If only thou wilt but believe,  
Sustaining grace thou shalt receive.

“Though seeds of death in thee be rife,  
‘Arise, and I will give thee life ;’  
Though thou be blind, receive thy sight ;  
Behold my glory with delight.

“Though dead, the stone I’ll roll away ;  
Not Death himself shall say Me nay—  
As Mary’s brother was restored,  
My word shall life to thee afford.

“And when thou sowest the gospel seed,  
Where’er the furrowed ground hath need,  
Let faith and hope thy soul possess,  
That harvest-time thy work shall bless.

“My promise holds, My word hath power :  
Eternal life shall be thy dower ;  
The hosts of hell shall not prevail ;  
Be steadfast, and thou shalt not fail.

“Bring here the little ones to me ;  
Like to them in my kingdom be,  
Loving, and simple, trusting, true,  
Eternal youth shall bide in you.”

Well may I count this world as dross ;  
Its gold is naught beside Thy cross ;  
O may I hear Thy word, “Well done,”  
Farewell ! vain world, that must be won.

**LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS.**

(II CORINTHIANS IV. 7.)

THE quivering darkness palpitate,  
Forth from its womb, did separate  
Effulgent light, at God's decree  
Owning creative energy.

The morning stars then sweetly sang,  
Their music through the chaos rang ;  
As light from darkness did ensue,  
Lo ! heaven and earth appeared in view.

Our God who said, " Let there be light,"—  
Hath pierced the darkness of our night,  
To which there came no beam of day,  
No rose of dawn, in our dismay.

But hope had birth when Jesus came,  
Forever hallowed be His name ;  
Through Him God shines into our hearts,  
His face our night of sin disparts.

Lo ! God His glory doth reveal,  
O wondrous knowledge, love's own seal  
In Christ embodied we behold ;—  
Love's glory until now untold.

In Jesus' face God's love appears,  
And joy wells up through all our tears,  
While we adore that face of love,  
Our souls are lifted far above.

Angelic spirits sang the birth  
Of Love Incarnate born on earth ;  
We soon will sing in Heaven our joy,  
And Love Enthroned our praise employ.

THE GIFT OF JESUS.

WHAT has given my heart surcease,  
Which but now was all unrest ?  
Sure it was the God of Peace  
Wrought the calm within my breast.

Long I sought through devious ways  
Balm such as my spirit needed ;  
And though pained by sore delays  
Ever for sweet peace I pleaded.

Up I raised my streaming eyes,  
Crying, " Christ, behold my sorrow !  
" Prostrate here my spirit lies,  
Soothe my woes ere dawns the morrow."

And my soul, with rapture thrilled,  
Finds release from all its woes,  
With His blessed peace is filled,  
As His face he doth disclose.

What a treasure, fraught with joy,  
Jesus granteth unto me ;  
Moth nor rust cannot destroy  
Here, or in Eternity.

**HAIL, HOLY CROSS!****PART I.**

HAIL, holy cross ! Whereon the Saviour died,  
Symbol of victory by sin achieved  
O'er Him, whom hellish malice crucified,  
Blighting the hopes of those who Him believed.

Hail, holy cross ! Sin triumphed o'er His life,  
Vanquished His flesh—a victory half complete,  
Obedient unto death. That scene of strife  
Was but the place and hour of sin's defeat.

Hail, holy cross ! Judas, accursed name !  
Caiphas, Herod, Pilate—all combined  
To crown our Lord with infamy ; of shame  
A lower depth the priesthood could not find.

Hail, holy cross ! The Master hangs on thee,—  
Loses His life. His pledge doth Jesus keep,  
That through its grace all may from sin be free,  
And tears forgotten be by those who weep.

Hail, holy cross ! Death's triumph now seems sure ;  
Thy foot a rabble-mob is gathered round,  
And wags its head, to see the Lord endure  
A shameful death, in agony profound.



Hail, holy cross ! The hour when Jesus dies  
They seek to blot His name from human thought ;  
But Him the Eternal Father glorifies ;  
Salvation to the sons of men is brought.

Hail, holy cross ! What folly shewn by those  
Whose blinded zeal pursues Him to the death ;  
Christ sees the victory that time doth lose,  
And Death resignedly encountereth.

Hail, holy cross ! Death yields at last to Him  
Who victor is o'er Death, and cross of shame,  
Which now transfigured, shall forever limn  
His glory, and the love of man inflame.

PART II.

Hail, holy cross ! No more of ill repute,  
Unto humanity thou art a sign ;  
A spectacle of Love most absolute,  
On which the Father looks with love benign.

Hail, holy cross ! Declared to be to men  
God's power and wisdom symbolized for all,  
Attested by the Holy Spirit when  
The contrite sinner heeds the Saviour's call.

Hail, holy cross ! Type of the mystery  
Of Love divine, and clemency profound ;  
The testament in sacred history  
Of Christ exalted, and in glory crowned.

Hail, holy cross! Upheld by all God's saints,  
Shew forth to all mankind redeeming grace;  
If burdened with thy load Christ sinks and faints,  
Yet would His love a sinful world embrace.

Hail, holy cross! Until Eternity,  
Thy power prevails to conquer all thy foes:  
Upon thee Christ expired,—but not by thee,  
His Holy Will He kept until the close.

### PART III.

Hail, holy cross! What glory from thee streams;  
It pierces all the night of death and sin;  
Sweet Love's Eternal Brightness from thee gleams,  
And lights the way whereinto Heaven I win.

Hail, holy cross! Before my eyes appear  
A pledge of hope in life's departing hour,—  
That Christ, my Lord, my Master, Saviour dear,  
May then transmute my Weakness into Power.

Hail, holy cross! My last glance falls on thee,  
The vision fades; the angels come; I rise.  
The sapphire floor of heaven appears to me;  
O Lamb of God! through Thee I grasp the prize.

### PART IV.

Hail, holy cross! The world beneath thee rests  
In holy reverence and adoring song;  
Thy shadow, cast o'er land and sea, attests  
That myriad hearts thy praises do prolong.

Hail, holy cross ! Exalted, holy shrine,  
Red with His blood, the Lamb of God, so pure ;  
Who suffered all the Father's will divine,  
And bade Humanity its cross endure.

Hail, holy cross ! The glory of thy shame  
Shall burn in human hearts a lambent fire ;  
Consuming sin with ever-cleansing flame,  
And all repentant souls with faith inspire.

Hail, holy cross ! Immortal Life is thine !  
Exalted be by all the tribes of man !  
A beacon-light through all the ages shine ;  
The world's sole hope, Eternity its span !

## PART V.

Hail, holy cross ! Against the bright blue sky,  
Towering erect on many a minster spire,  
Thou callest on all the busy passersby  
This world to spurn, and Heavenwards aspire.

Hail, holy cross ! Emblem by woman worn  
(Whose soul is love, whose mission is to bless) ;  
Whose jewels, sparkling, gracefully adorn  
Fair forms, whose throbbing hearts their Christ  
confess !

Hail, holy cross ! On silken banners spread,  
Emblem of victory unfurled aloft,  
Wave on, until the hosts of hell have fled,  
With shame confessing that their cause is lost.

Hail, holy cross! On monumental shaft,  
Funereal urn, and mural tablet graved,  
Keep silent watch. Full well we know, at last  
Our Loved shall rise, since Christ the tomb hath  
braved.

**FAINT, YET PURSUING.**

WEARY and faint in the battle of life.  
Foot-sore and tired, and bruised in the strife,  
Lifting my eyes to the Saviour on high,  
"Sustain me," I pray, "else, falling, I die.

"Keep me from doubting respecting the way ;  
Forbid that my feet should e'er go astray ;  
By the light of Thy Word make the dark shadows  
flee ;  
That so often obscure the right pathway from me."

Though sultry the heat in the noontide so bright,  
And parchèd my lips, with no water in sight,  
Yet onward and ever I press to engage  
In the conflict, which every believer must wage.

Mountains before me soon sink into plains ;  
Satan, opposing, no victory gains :  
Pushing on still, through the dust and the mire,  
Faint, yet pursuing, I gain my desire.

## THE PEACE OF GOD.

SWEET peace of God ! Balm to the Christian soul  
That feels a blissful trust, abiding, strong ;  
Subduing all, and keeping in control  
The warring passions which to life belong.

Sweet peace of God ! The Father's Gift, most blest,  
Indwelling through the unrest of this life ;  
More sweetly proving the believer's rest  
When all about him storms the sea of strife.

Sweet peace of God ! Though surges round me roll,  
Though friends all fail, and even hope grows faint,  
Keep thou my Soul within thy close control,  
So that I shall not murmur one complaint.

Sweet peace of God ! Unspoken pledge of Love,  
Which does not come and go, as flows the tide,  
But by its presence evermore doth prove,  
That Hope and Love forever are allied.

Sweet peace of God ! Thou art a welcome guest,  
When gloomy fears distract, and doubts dismay ;  
Thy Presence calms, nor goes my faith in quest  
Of greater boon ; abide with me, I pray !

## FAITH'S VICTORY.

BE strong, nor let thy heart nor faint nor fall ;  
In sin's fierce onset, or unfaith's sad thrall,  
The everlasting hope abides, and will,  
And through the smoke of conflict light will fill.

It often is that clouds will pour and lour,  
And seem to drench out all the sad soul's power ;  
But then, like that bright cloud on Hermon's mount,  
A glory falls on us, and that we count.

There stands the Incommunicable Name,  
Eternal pledge to us, for aye the same,  
In which we hope, nor can we hope in vain,  
For all Hell's hosts can never make us twain.

What gladsome issue of the strife we see,  
Sweet promise, crowned at last we all shall be ;  
Yes, all the powers of darkness fight for naught ;  
Our victory by the blood of Christ was bought.

Peace comes from triumphs which our faith achieves,  
Dispersing all our foes, our fear relieves,  
Shews us our Christ still standing at our side,  
And points us upward to the glorified.

In Heaven they whisper of abiding peace ;  
From warrings of this earth they find release ;  
For howsoe'er the strifes of life found wage,  
Faith holds its victories through the eternal age.

**I REMEMBER.**

THAT hour, dear Lord, when Thou did'st say to me,  
"Fix all thy hopes upon My word to thee ;  
Then, if thou dost in all thy days to come  
Put thy whole trust in me, I'll guide thee home,"—  
I well remember.

I'm glad, dear Lord, Thy message came to me,  
"Take up thy cross, and always faithful be :  
My grace shall be thy strength and portion here,  
And all thy paths through life I'll gently clear,"—  
This I remember.

Since that glad hour, dear Lord, I've troubles seen,  
In many trials has my portion been ;  
I've crosses borne, and struggled but to prove  
Through all Thy precious promises of love,—  
Which I remember.

I know, dear Lord, pale death has left me lone,  
When loved ones that I cherished home have gone ;  
Fond hopes indulged, I know, have come to grief,  
And yet in all my woes I've found relief,—  
I well remember.

And visions fair, and airy castles, too,  
Which in my little world made much ado ;—  
Had they not vanished from my sight and mind,  
I'd surely left all thought of Thee behind.—  
So I remember.



And now that youth has fled and manhood's here,  
And soon the shades of evening must appear,  
I'm glad, dear Lord, though death to me will come,  
That still the promise stands, "I'll guide thee  
home,"—

Which I remember.

Yes, Lord, I'll trust Thee till life's latest hour,  
Then my freed spirit shall receive its dower ;  
By Thee borne up, will gain the heavenly home,  
Find all my treasures, hear Thy welcome "Come,"—  
And e'er remember.

## OUR SUFFICIENCY.

“WHICH IS OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS.”

My heart, O Lord, its path doth choose,  
And fondly hopes its goal to gain,  
Nor for a moment thinks to lose  
The prize it seeks, through joy or pain.

It fain submits itself to Thee,  
And prays for guidance on the way ;  
For if Thou but its portion be,  
My soul for nothing less shall stay.

The troubles of this earthly strife  
I surely shall surmount, if Thou  
Be my sufficiency through life,  
And comfort to the end, as now.

My steps I pray Thee ever bless ;  
The vision of my hopes e'er fill ;  
Nor let me count Thy mercies less  
While Thou dost yet Thy grace instil.

Thus would I prove Thee while I live ;  
Find Thy sufficiency my health ;  
In life to Thee all glory give,  
My Lord, my strength, my hope, my wealth.

## TRANSMUTATIONS.

God's power does here transmute our ill to good,  
Our peevish nature clarifies with love,  
Subdues our passions, brings an inward peace,  
And works a likeness to the saints above.

God's alchemy of love refines the soul,  
Purges its dross in crucible divine  
By spirit fires, which hotter grow until  
In mirrored purity its gold doth shine.

God's handiwork through human instruments,  
Wrought out by means He chooses here below,  
He grandly sets in shape beyond compare,  
In coronets that shall forever glow.

Stones rough hewn, from human quarries taken,  
Divinely chiselled are by gospel rule,  
Prepared for building in the house of God,  
Which Temple rises without sound of tool.

Thus ever God from lowliness evolves  
The change that makes the sinner grow to be  
Faithful in copy to the likeness given,  
Till all men say, "This man from guile is free."

They look amazed to see such changes here,  
Angels bow down, and wonder, and adore ;  
And ask, with us, if heavenly power shall work  
Such transmutations in the evermore ?

## NO MORE SEA.

No more Red Sea whose waves shall stand  
At token of the Prophet's rod,  
While all the hosts of Israel shout  
Their victory, crowned by Israel's God.

Nor ebb nor flow upon the beach  
Shall toss the shells, enamelled fair,  
Whose murmur of the evermore  
Is hushed to rest in amber air.

No dithyrambic roar shall rise  
And break upon the beetling height ;  
Nor e'er again shall thunderous waves  
Shout their wild pæans of delight.

No storms shall bury human hopes,  
No shipwrecked mariner be lost,  
No stranded vessel on the beach,  
No sailor's wife with trouble tost.

No monotone of coming ill,  
No childhood prayers for loved at sea,  
But the deep diapason full,  
From anxious souls from fear set free.

On all God's land no shores of sea,  
No mighty deeps of agony,  
No whitened spray, no billowy shroud,  
No voicing storm in symphony.

Hail, blessed land ! Eternal peace !  
All storms are hushed, no sails shall fill,  
No ship shall float, no fog shall lift,  
No shrouds be manned, no iceberg chill.

O glorious and eternal clime !  
When shall God's mighty angel stand  
And cry, to countless myriad hosts,  
There is no sea, 'mid this fair land ?

The prophet most beloved of Christ,  
Seized the apocalyptic sight ;  
The rolling seas dissolved, and lo !  
A heaven of Eternal light.

## SONG OF MY SOUL.

O HEARKEN to my song of praise,  
Which now to Thee, O God, I raise,  
Who out of darkness called my soul,  
And turned my feet toward heaven's goal.

When erst in deepest sin I lay,  
And had in me no voice to pray,  
Thy quickening Spirit called to me,  
To rise and seek my life in Thee.

Then light divine shone from the cross,  
It showed me all my shame and loss ;  
Revealed the sinner's hope to me,  
And set me from my dungeon free.

My ransomed soul now lifts to Thee,  
Thou ever blessed One in Three,  
The joyful song of tribute meet  
It fain would place at Thy dear feet.

And when I lay my trophies down,  
And Thou shalt me with glory crown,  
I'll join the everlasting song  
Sung by the white-robed angel throng.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Love so great my soul amazes ;  
Heart, break forth in fullest song ;  
Ever hymn, my soul, His praises,  
Evermore the notes prolong.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,  
Swiftly left His home above,  
Placed his loving arms around me,  
Won me by His matchless love.

Down He came from highest glory,  
Me to save from lowest hell :  
True, it is the old, old story,  
Yet, my soul, the story tell.

Will you seek Him, too, my brother,  
Will you not on Christ rely ?  
Trust Him, sure there is no other  
Love so priceless, none so high.

Every hour His love amazes,  
Tune, my lyre, a holy song ;  
Ever hymn, my soul, His praises,  
Sweetest strains to Him belong.

## GOD KNOWETH BEST.

BE hushed, my soul, to rest :  
Though troubles toss thy breast,  
God knoweth best :  
This grief in mercy sent,  
By which thy heart is rent,  
Kind Heaven gives to thee,  
To make thy spirit free,—  
Noble and blest.

What though thy gift of life  
Should all be spent in strife ?  
God knoweth best :  
He sendeth unto thee,  
Lest thou a craven be,  
Strength to endure the fight ;  
So keep thine armor bright  
Upon thy breast.

Surely thou canst not fail,  
Whoever may assail,—  
God knoweth best :  
For He to thee will grant,  
Though in the wage thou pant,  
Full victory at last,  
And, all thy trials past,  
Thou shalt have rest.



*FIDES PROBATA CORONAT.*

Be faithful, O my soul ! 'tis grand to live,  
With high emprise of life before thy view ;  
But nobler far to dedicate and give  
Thyself, and all thou hast, or here can do,  
Mid joys or woes,  
In humble, faithful service to thy God,  
Who keeps and guards life's issues to its close.

Be faithful, O my soul ! thy every gift,  
And service unto Him, will surely bring  
That increment of joy which shall uplift  
Thy heart : and toiling on thou yet shalt sing,  
Or faint, or sore,  
That labor consecrate to God, e'en here,  
Hath blessings, which increase for evermore.

Be faithful, O my soul ! it may be here,  
Thou'lt fail to see the fruitage of thy youth ;  
Still sow thy seed ; the blade, the grass, the ear,  
Full ripened, will shew forth thou did'st in truth  
Both plant and till,  
Expectant when the harvest-time should come,  
The gathered sheaves thy heart with joy would fill.

Be faithful, O my soul ! with heaven in view,  
And promise of the Master's welcome dear,  
Fail not in aught thou hast on earth to do ;  
And thou wilt find that heaven hath also here  
A bounteous store  
For thee, with love's sweet recompense for toil,  
And yonder rest, when all thy toil is o'er.

SAVIOUR MINE.

I REST my hopes on Thee,  
My refuge ever be,  
    Jesus divine :  
My righteousness Thou art,  
All other hopes depart ;  
Shrined in my loving heart,  
    Be always mine.

I place my trust in Thee,  
Thou wilt forever be  
    Unfailing, true ;  
My days pass swiftly by,  
The evening shadows fly,  
My soul mounts up the sky,  
    With Thee in view.

Thy peace pervades my breast,  
And is a welcome guest,  
    Precious to me ;  
No burden will I heed,  
My soul on Thee doth feed,  
And finds its every need  
    Is met in Thee.

Love of my soul Thou art,  
And dwelling in my heart

I pray Thee bide ;  
Unselfish may I live,  
Myself to others give,  
Increase of love receive,  
And Thee beside.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

THE golden urns of life are broken now ;  
'Tis death's cold damp I feel upon my brow ;  
From all earth's toils I soon shall find release,  
And hail the clime where dwells eternal peace.

From out yon purpled sea of clouds there shines  
A kindly light, which softly intertwines  
The light of earth, with beams from heaven above,  
The bright, pure light, of everlasting love.

For He, who all the light of heaven is,  
Illumes life's evening-time, and calls me His ;  
His precious presence floods the Western skies,  
And gilds the land which just before me lies.

It must so be that all earth's shadows flee,  
When Thou dost bid my soul converse with Thee ;  
The voice which in life's evening greets my ear,  
I know to be my Saviour's word of cheer.

Death's curtained shadow a blest portal forms,  
Through which I reach a home where comes no  
                  storms ;  
Where light leads on to glories yet unseen,  
Where not a shadow crosses heaven's demesne.

O, clothe me in white robes to greet thee, Lord !  
Thy light at evening time to me afford,  
And may Thy chariot swift my spirit bear  
Above that shadow, and Thy glory share.

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.

PREPARE, my heart, a happy song :  
To Christ, thy Lord, the notes belong ;  
His mercies constant crown thy days,  
His goodness merits all thy praise.

From morn till eve, from eve till morn,  
Unwearied love has to thee borne  
Glad tokens both from earth and heaven,  
Dear blessings which thy Lord hath given.

In darkest hours and saddest grief,  
Thou, Lord, hast sent my soul relief :  
When I was 'whelmed with troubles here,  
Thou whispered'st to me, " Never fear."

Did sin's dark waters toss my soul,  
And in a tempest o'er me roll,  
How sweet thy welcome, " Come to Me,"  
How blest my heart from guilt made free !

Thy love has always cleared my way,  
Nor suffered me from Thee to stray,  
The sweetest blessings I have known  
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, hath shown.

So hour by hour, and day by day,  
I lift my voice to Thee and pray,  
That still the blessings of Thy love  
My richest treasures here may prove.

And when in heaven I raise my song,  
I'll sing "To Christ the notes belong,  
Whose mercies constant crowned my days,  
And filled my life with His own own praise!"



## MINE IN THINE.

WHEN first, O Lord, I placed my hand in Thine,  
And promised that with all the lapse of time  
My heart's true homage I would render Thee,  
Thou didst accept that offering of mine.

Most wonderful it seemed to me that Thou,  
The everlasting Son of God, should'st then  
Vouchsafe Thy promise unto me to keep  
All precious hopes I treasured then, and now.

Each following year Thou hast fulfilled to me  
Thy promises of grace to keep and bless ;  
Through all the changes sent to me I've seen  
Thy hand divine, guiding my life to Thee.

Thy ministries of mercy, Lord, do prove  
The wisdom of Thy dealings with my soul,  
Which bows before Thy throne with gladsome song  
To Thee, for every blessing of Thy love.

Full well I know, my Lord, the time will come  
When I shall need Thy hand to hold me up,  
When passing hence, and crossing Jordan's stream,  
My ransomed soul goes to the heavenly home.

And when my joyful spirit gains that shore,  
I then shall to eternal ages sing,  
I'm saved because I placed my hand in Thine,  
And worship Thee, dear Lord, forevermore.

**HE TAKES MY GRIEF.**

My heart, O Lord, will surely break  
Beneath the burden of its woe ;  
I pray Thee, Lord, my sorrows take,  
At Mercy's throne I bend me low,  
And tell my grief.

Here pleading, Lord, I look to Thee :  
Did ever soul such sorrow know  
As wrings my heart with agony ?  
O, now Thy mighty comfort shew,  
And cheer my grief.

I know Thou dost all burdens bear ;  
I know Thou dost all griefs assuage :  
O speak, and all my anguish share,  
And let Thy power divine engage  
To heal my grief.

The blessing comes, it thrills my soul !  
Thy voice of love my trouble heals ;  
My breaking heart is all made whole,  
My happy soul no burden feels  
Of vanished grief !

THE SAINTS GONE HOME.

IN that last hour when earthly hope has fled,  
And we are standing round the dying-bed,  
There falls upon our ears no din of strife ;  
The parting whisper tells that out of life  
The saint of God goes home.

We know angelic ministries are there,  
We seem to hear their voices on the air ;  
And to our faith the veil is very thin  
Which hides from us the glorious entering in  
Of the saints of God gone home.

Such mighty comfort does assuage our grief,  
And to our aching hearts affords relief,  
As going from us, the dim veil within,  
Jesus with crown of life will welcome in  
The saint of God gone home.

Yes, 'mid the darkness, from that heaven so bright,  
On dying eyes there shines a glorious light,  
Chasing away all shadows, doubts, and fears,  
While we by that bright light, through all our tears,  
Do see the saints go home.

Hark to their dying raptures, what they tell :  
“ The best of all is God’s with us,” “ Farewell,”  
“ I don’t fear death, for I know how to die,”  
“ Safe in the arms of Jesus I shall lie ;”  
And so the saints go home.

“ Sing the Te Deum to me ere the morning,”  
“ The happy hour has come,” “ The day is dawning,”  
“ I did not think it was so sweet to die,”  
“ Farewell, vain world, to Jesus now I fly ;”  
And thus the saints go home.

“ O ! I’m weary, weary, let me now go home,”  
“ God is love,” “ Shout aloud, Jesus is come,”  
“ Dear kindred, loved ones, we will meet again,”  
“ Hark ! while my spirit joins the great amen ;”  
’Tis thus the saints go home.

“ He is come ! He is come ! my belovèd is here,”  
Hear the whisper, “ Is that mother ? mother dear ?”  
“ I die happy,”—“ God be with you,”—“ All is well,”  
And so the young and old old story tell,  
Of how the saints go home.

## TRANSFIGURED.

I BOWED my soul before the cross,  
Burthened with wretchedness and woe ;  
My guilt and shame bespoke my loss,  
And horror darkened all below ;  
It seemed to me hope had no goal,  
Till light divine shone on my soul.

I saw that Christ for me had died ;  
My guilty heart then turned to Thee ;  
Mercy for me Thou did'st provide,  
Sin's shackles loose, my soul set free ;  
While calling on Thy Holy Name  
The cross transfigured all my shame.

Christ filled me with a holy love,  
Which set my inmost soul on fire ;  
My heart went out to God above,  
In rapture and in strong desire ;  
This love I found within my breast,  
Transfigured all I saw or guessed.

The world was old, but yet seemed new ;  
What was in gloom now shone with light ;  
Which way I looked I had in view  
All Nature decked in mantles bright ;  
But, best of All, my love for Thee  
Transfigured all humanity.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-  
DAY, AND FOREVER.

O, PREACH to me the everlasting theme,  
Until I see the heavenly glory beam,  
And feel the Master's joy within my soul,  
And all my being in His sweet control !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme ;  
For, as I listen, all this world doth seem  
As but the very porch of heaven to me,  
Through which I look the Saviour's face to see.

O, preach to me the everlasting theme,  
Which fills my soul with holy joy supreme,  
And speaks of Jesus Christ, the same to-day  
As yesterday, my hope, my guide, my stay !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme !  
The precious Christ, who did my soul redeem,  
With His own blood, for sinners freely shed,  
Hold high the cross on which He suffering bled !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme,  
Of Him, the fount of our salvation's stream,  
Which ever satisfies my thirsting soul,  
As I press onward toward the heavenly goal !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme,  
Whose fulness doth with saving-riches teem,  
Whereby the never-changing Christ doth prove  
To me the sweetness of Eternal Love !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme  
Of living waters, that in Heaven stream,  
For, as I list, still cries my soul for more  
Of Love's nepenthe, from yon blissful shore !

O, preach to me the everlasting theme,  
Until I reach my weary life's extreme,  
Which hour supreme will fully prove that He  
Eternally will be the same to me !

**MY ETERNAL HOME.**

UNTO joys immortal  
Jesus bids me come,  
Through the pearly portal,  
To the heavenly home.

O, the wondrous mansions !  
O, the awful light !  
O, the grand expansions  
Of that home so bright !

O, the blaze supernal !  
Palms forever waved !  
O, the song eternal,  
O, the ever saved !

O, the King in beauty !  
O, the angels fair !  
Glad eternal duty,  
Praises everywhere !

Throne of God its centre,  
Spreading glory wide ;  
Jesus bids me enter,  
And for aye abide !



## THE EXHAUSTLESS WORD.

THE eternal Word of God is ever new,  
Proven and tried through every decade past ;  
Fresh, wondrous beauty ever meets our view,  
Its promises sustain us to the last.

The eternal deeps of the unfolding Word  
Have all the generations fathomed well ;  
New lights have shone, new voicings have been heard,  
Yet all its wealth of beauty none can tell.

Martyrs have died for what the Word contains,  
Mothers been comforted when sore bereaved ;  
And widowed hearts have proved God's Word sustains,  
While death of its deep gloom has been relieved.

The anguish of the soul in dark dismay,  
When Satan undermines its faith in God,  
Finds its full recompense in truth's array,  
And kindles at the thought of paths past trod.

It pours its balm in every broken heart,  
It promises release from sin's dark thrall ;  
With shield of truth it wards off every dart,  
And tidings of sweet peace it brings to all.

Let all the weary sons of earth but try  
The changeless saving grace of God's own Word,  
And they shall find life's troubles quickly fly,  
And sing the songs of heaven to earth transferred.

**MY FATHER.**

FATHER, Thy name is dear to me.  
As every hour I look to Thee,  
    A deeper knowledge grant ;  
A father's love fore'er reveal,  
And when Thy discipline I feel,  
To Thee for grace will I appeal,  
    And for Thy favor pant.

And when I feel Thy kind restraint,  
May I submit without complaint,  
    And always trust Thy love ;  
In sorrow, find Thy comfort nigh,  
Thy smile, to bid my troubles fly,  
Thy presence be my joy's supply,  
    Enkindled from above.

Help me to look to Thee for aid,  
Thy promises my faith persuade,  
    In every time of need ;  
O'er raging seas thy "Peace, be still,"  
Shall make my heart with gladness fill,  
And work submission to Thy will,  
    And hope to fear succeed.

*FROM PISGAH.*

CALM heights of God on which I stand,  
Surveying all the promised land,  
No clouds obscure the landscape fair,  
That 'neath me lies in beauty rare.

A land, so green, so fair, so bright,  
It ravishes my wondering sight ;  
A land where milk and honey flow,  
And luscious fruits abundant grow.

And through its meads the rivers glide,  
And flowers grow their banks beside,  
And birds of glorious note and wing  
Within its dales and coverts sing.

Afar arise the mountains grand,  
On which the silver olives stand,  
And still beyond their distant verge  
The crested seas forever surge.

The blessèd prospect fires my soul,  
I long to reach the blissful goal ;  
Descend the mount, o'er Jordan go,  
And share the gifts God doth bestow.

And if such shepherd care below  
His saints on earth are led to know,  
What shall the plains of Heaven give,  
When I from earth am fugitive ?

O, bliss divine ! O, prospect fair !  
Not Pisgah's view would I compare ;  
Exults my soul to know Thee mine,  
Blest land on which God's Son doth shine !

With eye of faith I see the clime,  
Toward which I gaze in joy sublime ;  
And He, who shews the vision rare,  
By grace divine will bring me there.

I'll walk its streets, all paved with gold,  
And know its joys, as yet untold,  
And, kneeling at the mercy-seat,  
Will worship there at Jesus' feet.

Its limpid waters, crystal-bright,  
Its saints arrayed in robes of white,  
Its King of glory, Saviour mine,  
These all are there, O, Heaven Divine.

**THE EVER-**SAVED**.**

**THEY** have gained the glorious prize,  
And stand arrayed in beauty ;  
Ere we reach the great assize,  
They summon us to duty.

Crowned they are with glory there,  
And woo us o'er the river ;  
Palms they wave, white robes they wear,  
Put on by God, the giver.

Light, resplendent from the throne,  
Shines on the saints in glory,  
Who gathered are from every zone,  
To chant the Ever-holy.

Seek we here their high estate,  
Who now are saved forever ;  
Who fought the fight, met no defeat,  
And won by high endeavor.

## THE ABIDING THREE.

FAITH has its centre fixed in God ;  
Thus anchored safely there abides ;  
Faith o'er the good of earth presides,  
And works its miracles by Love.

Hope lives expectant with great joy,  
And looks forever, on and out,  
Clasping its ideals, pure, devout ;  
When, saved by Hope, we shall see God.

Love smiles, and blooms eternal youth,  
And lives, and sings, and is alway  
Content, and will enfold for aye,—  
Both Faith and Hope in its embrace.

Love dwells in countless human hearts,  
Who a sweet brotherhood confess ;  
While Hope and Love their conquests press  
Shall Faith God's righteousness proclaim.

Faith ever voices "God is Love ;"  
Love sings its gladsome hymns in heaven,  
Which erst to saints on earth were given,  
Beholding Love's redeeming Lord.

Christ tabernacled here awhile,  
A man upon our earth He trod,  
Shewed us Eternal Love is God,  
Love all-revealing, Love divine.

O holy ! Blest abiding Three :  
While Faith reveals a trust for all,  
While Hope, on Christ our Hope, doth call,  
Love shines resplendent,—reigns supreme.

## LOVE HATH NO YEARS.

LOVE hath no years,  
But the eternity of God it hath ;  
Forever fresh and sweet, as a June rose  
Whose opening petals, kist by angel lips,  
Exhale their fragrance to the Universe ;  
While, 'mid its leaves, the angel breath impearled  
Lies sparkling with the glory-hues of heaven,  
Besprinkling both the flower and glaucus leaf  
With purity divine.

So love is sweet,  
And hath abiding fragrance, and its bloom  
Undying is ; love conquers even death.

Love brings rare offerings at the marriage-hour,  
And every morning lays a votive gift  
Upon the damask cloth, both flower and leaf ;  
So with the breath of love there rises up  
The perfume of love's gifts, to mingle in  
And be incorporate with the savory meal,  
Which strengthens well the heart of man, and fits  
Him for the endurance of both cold and heat,  
And wet and dry, of this vain world's conceits.

Love scorns not any wilderness of earth,  
But pitches there an humble tent, and bides,  
And by glad presence and sweet ministries  
Creates a paradise, where birds do sing,



And flowers grow, and limpid waters flow  
And all the hearts of men are light and glad,  
And tabernacle there in joy and peace.

Love comes where heaviest burdens oft are borne,  
And poor wayfaring man about to faint,  
And puts Love's strength into his faltering heart,  
Which leaps with life new-given, to do and bear  
Beyond the strain, where hope had found its grave,  
And left no refuge for the soul in grief,  
So saddened with despair, and wellnigh crushed.

Love sits beside the dying soul, when faith  
Points on and out to yon fair clime of peace,  
And whispers (as Love only can of Him  
Who loves as can no other all the souls  
For whom He came and took our nature on,  
That we might see Him as He is and love !),  
In low cadence of song of One dear breast,  
On which with Love the saint may lean,  
And hope, and live, and love forevermore.

Out of the largess of its precious gifts  
Love finds the greatness of undying love  
In spending ; gains eternal heritage  
Of fruitage, precious to the race of man,  
Enduring unto immortality.

**CONSIDER THE LILY.**

COME view with me this beauty rare,  
Pronounced by Christ without compare ;  
Consider also how it grows,  
Fairer and purer than the snows.

'Tis typical of saintliness,  
This flower of utter loveliness ;  
It forms a swaying coronet  
On which the seal of love is set.

It does not toil, it does not spin,  
Nor e'en through strife its beauty win ;  
Yet Solomon in rich array  
Ne'er equalled this fair flower's display.

For He who spoke to human ear  
Kind words of providence and cheer  
Blessed its pure bloom, when, at its birth,  
It sprang a smile from out the earth.

And as I gaze upon it, lo !  
It seems Christ's tenderness to show,  
And heaven is imaged unto me,  
And with it Immortality.

LOVE DIVINE.

COME dwell with me, Thou Love Divine,  
And all my nature so refine,  
That all the passions of my soul  
Shall yield themselves to Thy control.

May heavenly tempers, buds of grace,  
Dwell in my heart, and grow apace,  
Till joy supreme and peace abide  
From early morn to eventide.

Life's daily duties may I meet,  
With service Love shall call complete ;  
Serving become my habitude,  
And Love be life's beatitude.

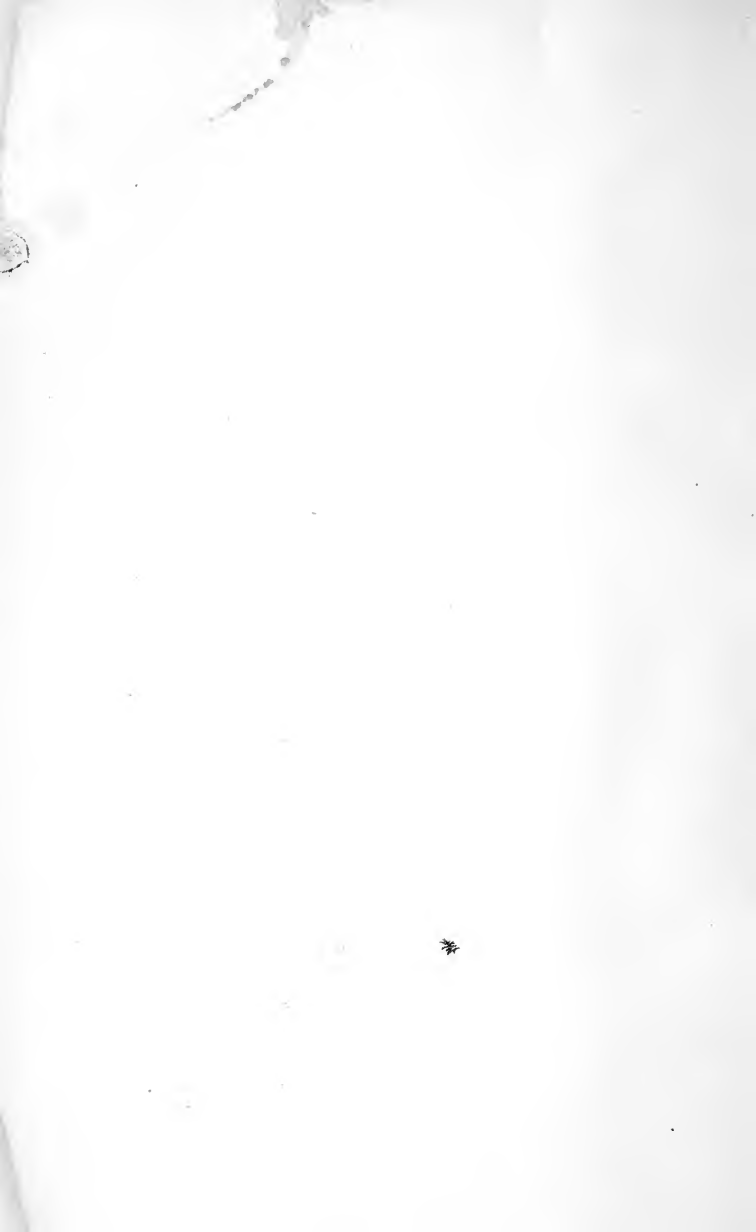
O Love Divine ! in loving Thee  
I find the joy—Thou lovest me !  
What grace to wear on earth Love's crown !  
Love's recompense from heaven sent down.



















THE

